



THE HELLIAX RIFT

by Scott Handcock

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON

Time and space traveller; formerly UNIT's Scientific Adviser.

LIEUTENANT DANIEL HOPKINS: TBC

(M, 20s) UNIT Medical Officer. Efficient, down-to-earth. Northern charm.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LEWIS PRICE: TBC

(M, 30s) Leader of UNIT's UK contingent. [NB: in British Army, a Lt-Colonel is addressed as 'Colonel'.] Professional action man – in the Bodie/Doyle mould!

CORPORAL LINDA MAXWELL: TBC

(F, 20s) Up-and-coming UNIT recruit. Had to fight to show her worth. Cool, collected with an edge.

ANNABEL MORDEN: TBC

(F, early 40s) Mother with a tragic past, desperately trying to make the world a better place for her son.

DR JENNIFER HARRISON: TBC [double with PENELOPE]

(F, late 30s) Doctor experienced in alien life, having abandoned her profession. Ready to take risks for her career. / Penelope is a well-to-do country dog-walker. Prim.

MORRIS: TBC [double with HELLIAX]

(M, 40s) Father of Samuel. Hard worker. Local. / HelliAx is loftier, more neutral, calm creature.

SAMUEL: TBC [double with WALSH and ADAM]

(M, 20s) Son of Morris, local / Walsh is a tough UNIT soldier. / Adam is like its father - loftier, but scared, quick to lash out.

ALSO: FACILITY VOICE; VARIOUS SOLDIERS.

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PART ONE

SCENE 01. EXT. CRASH SITE.

(FX: WOODLAND. A SPACESHIP HISSES, BURIED IN THE EARTH. EERIE SILENCE, THEN A HATCH OPENS. TWO PEOPLE EMERGE CARRYING A STRETCHER.)

MORRIS:

(STRAINING) Careful with the stretcher, son! Nearly smacked chummy's head there.

SAMUEL:

(STRAINING) Not like they can feel anything. And they won't feel anything ever again if we don't get a move on.

MORRIS:

Even so... (GRUNTS WITH EFFORT)

(FX: A FEW MORE STEPS.)

MORRIS:

You ready?

SAMUEL:

Yeah.

MORRIS:

On three. One... two... hup! (EFFORT)

SAMUEL:

(EFFORT)

(FX: THEY LOAD THE STRETCHER ONTO A GURNEY.)

MORRIS:

(AS HE LIFTS) There we go... (CATCHES BREATH, TO SAMUEL) Get it strapped in. I'll start the engine.

SAMUEL:

Sure. (JUMPS INTO AMBULANCE)

(FX: MORRIS SLAMS THE DOORS, AND WANDERS ROUND TO THE CAB, JUMPS IN. HE PULLS KEYS FROM HIS POCKET).

MORRIS:

(YELLING BACK) You all good back there?

SAMUEL:

(MUFFLED, YELLING) Yeah! Let's get out of here!

(FX: CUT TO OUTSIDE AS SAMUEL STARTS ENGINE. AMBULANCE ROARS AWAY.)

FADE TO:

SCENE 02. EXT. COUNTRY LANE.

(FX: GENTLE BIRDSONG, PEACE. A JEEP THUNDERS PAST, WE FOLLOW.)

(FX: FADE UP ON A SMALL CROWD CONFRONTING UNIT TROOPS UP AHEAD.)

WILDTRACK LOCALS:

How long you gonna be here for, eh?
This is affecting our livelihoods.
Bet the government's behind all this.
Nobody's telling us anything. We have rights too! We live here!
Is this to do with those lights in the sky? Is this a cover-up?

WALSH:

(OVER THE CROWD) Please. If everybody could just calm down. We have the matter in hand; this is a routine operation. There is no need for any concern!

WILDTRACK LOCALS:

(SCOFFS) No need for any concern?!
Try telling that to my mother-in-law. She comes through here each Tuesday!
Any idea when this'll be over?
Why'd you need the guns if this is just routine?
It is those UFOs, isn't it? I've seen it in the papers, see!

(FX: OVER THIS, THE JEEP PULLS UP. DOORS OPEN. LT-COL LEWIS PRICE STEPS OUT AND APPROACHES.)

WILDTRACK LOCALS:

Oh, alright, who's this? (Etc, etc...)

PRICE:

(TO WALSH) I thought I issued orders to clear the area?

WALSH:

The perimeter has been cleared, sir. We're just - [in the process]

PRICE:

'Secured' isn't the same as 'cleared', Private. I want these civilians off-site in the next five minutes. Security cannot be compromised. You understand me?

WALSH:

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir. (TO OTHERS) You two, with me.

WILDTRACK SOLDIERS:

Sir.

(FX: WALSH APPROACH THE CROWD. PRICE MOVES OFF.)

WALSH:

(TO CROWD) Sorry, folks, I'm afraid we're going to have to ask you to leave.

WILDTRACK LOCALS:

(GROANS OF PROTEST)

WALSH:

(OVER THEM) It's for your own safety. Please. There's nothing to see here, so if you could all just move along now..

(FX: PRICE HALTS, LOOKS BACK.)

PRICE:

(SIGHS, TO SELF) One day, I'll have to remind them to keep breathing... (DEEP BREATH)

(FX: PRICE OPENS A GATE, TRUDGES OFF DOWN A MUDDY PATH. THE CROWDS FADE AWAY.)

WALSH:

Come on now, that's it. You've all got homes to go to..

CUT TO:

SCENE 03. INT. MOBILE SIGNALS ROOM.

(FX: LINDA MAXWELL WORKS AT TERMINALS, MONITORING SIGNALS, SCRIBBLING NOTES. THE DOOR OPENS AND PRICE ENTERS.)

PRICE:

Corporal Maxwell! Any news?

MAXWELL:

Not yet, Colonel Price, sir. It took us longer than we expected to get the equipment up and running.

PRICE:

But it's working now, yes?

MAXWELL:

Yes, sir. Absolutely. We've managed to filter out all the noise and get a track on the signal. Not sure what it is yet -

PRICE:

But you think it might be alien?

MAXWELL:

I don't think it's of terrestrial origin, certainly. Best to be on our guard.

PRICE:

Yes, thank you, Corporal.

(FX: A STRANGE BURBLE FROM THE EQUIPMENT - A WARBLE AS THE SIGNAL CHANGES.)

MAXWELL:

(WASN'T EXPECTING THAT) Oh...

PRICE:

(WARY) What is it?

(BEAT AS MAXWELL CHECKS)

MAXWELL:

The signal we've been tracking... it seems to be moving.

CUT TO:

SCENE 04. EXT. HILLSIDE.

(FX: HIGH-UP THE SLOPE, WIND BUFFETING SLIGHTLY. THE DOCTOR TRAMPS THROUGH THE GRASS, HOLDING A SCANNER. IT BLEEPES AT REGULAR INTERVALS, INCREASING AS HE TURNS, FOLLOWING...)

DOCTOR:

(MONITORING) That's it... closer now... closer! Where are you?

(FX: A DOG AND ITS OWNER APPROACH; DOG YAPPING).

PENELOPE:

Morning!

DOCTOR:

Oh. Good morning. (FX: POCKETS THE SCANNER; MUTES BLEEPING) Er... nice day for a stroll!

PENELOPE:

Is it?

DOCTOR:

Isn't it?

PENELOPE:

I suppose so. Not raining, at least. Surprised you got up here, if I'm honest.

DOCTOR:

Oh?

PENELOPE:

Well, you know? Those army fellows, blocking everywhere off!

DOCTOR:

(CONCERN) The army?

PENELOPE:

At least I think they're army. Lot of guns and uniform, anyway. You must have passed them down there?

DOCTOR:

(COVERING) Oh, yes, them. Of course. (BEAT) Erm... I don't suppose you know what they're doing here?

PENELOPE:

Your guess is as good as mine.

(FX: THE DOG RUNS OFF, YAPPING AGAIN.)

PENELOPE:

(GROANS) Oh, come on, boy! (TO DOCTOR) Nice to have met you, anyway. (AS SHE DASHES OFF) Look after yourself!

DOCTOR:

(ALL SMILES, CALLS AFTER) And you!

(FX: A BEAT FOR THE DOG WALKER TO LEAVE. THE DOCTOR PULLS THE SCANNER OUT AGAIN.)

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) The army, here? That can't be good. Now, then, let's see... where were we...?

(FX: THE SCANNER BLEEPS, REGULARLY. THE DOCTOR TURNS, IT INCREASES IN SPEED.)

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) No no no... it can't be... (REALISING, CALLING AFTER) Erm, excuse me! (GROANS AS HE RUNS OFF) About your dog...!

(FX: THE DOCTOR RUNS OFF AFTER PENELOPE. THE SCANNER BLEEPS MORE FIERCELY.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 05. INT. MOBILE SIGNALS ROOM.

(FX: AS BEFORE. THE SIGNAL CHANGING AGAIN.)

PRICE:

What's it doing now?

MAXWELL:

(MONITORING) It would appear to be changing direction.

PRICE:

I see. Which direction?

MAXWELL:

Er... now heading south-south-east.

PRICE:

So... whatever it is, it's getting closer.

(FX: CRACKLE OF RADIO.)

PRICE:

(INTO RADIO) Greyhound Leader to all units. This is Price. Intelligence suggests that the target is relocating. Currently heading south-south-east. All available units are to converge and sweep the area. This is a priority alert. There is a potential alien hostile in the area! Repeat: we have a potential alien hostile!

(FX: RADIO CRACKLES OFF.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 06. EXT. HILLSIDE.

(FX: AS BEFORE. PENELOPE CALLS TO HER YAPPING DOG.)

PENELOPE:

Come on, lad, that's right. Time we got home now.

(FX: THE DOCTOR BOUNDS UP.)

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) Excuse me, madam! One moment!

PENELOPE:

Oh, you again?

DOCTOR:

Me again! So sorry. I was just wondering...

PENELOPE:

Yes?

DOCTOR:

How long have you lived round here?

PENELOPE:

All my life! (SUSPICIOUS) Why?

DOCTOR:

Oh, no reason.

(FX: THE DOCTOR CHECKS HIS SCANNER. STILL BLEEPING.)

PENELOPE:

Good grief. What is that thing?

DOCTOR:

(MUSING) Hmm. Unfamiliar with advanced technology. Not you after all then?

(FX: THE BLEEPING INCREASES AGAIN.)

DOCTOR:

Oh, now that is interesting.

PENELOPE:

What is?

DOCTOR:

Had this dog long, have you?

PENELOPE:

Seven years now. Why?

DOCTOR:

No reason. (BEAT) Seems a friendly sort. What's his name?

PENELOPE:

Scrapper. (QUICK) Not my choice. We said the children could name him, but they didn't know any better.

DOCTOR:

And do you know where he came from?

PENELOPE:

Of course. (SUSPICIOUS) Why do you ask? Are you a veterinarian or something?

DOCTOR:

Me? Good heavens, no. (CROUCHES DOWN) Still. Hello, Scrapper. (RUFFLES) There's a good boy! You're a long way from home, aren't you?

PENELOPE:

Not that far. Though he does like a little runabout.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure he does. Now then - (BEAT, SPOTS SOMETHING) Oh!

(FX: THE DOCTOR PULLS OUT THE SCANNER AGAIN, IT GOES WILD.)

DOCTOR:

Third time lucky, it seems!

PENELOPE:

Eh?

DOCTOR:

Not you, or your dog, but this - attached to the collar. See?

PENELOPE:

(CONFUSED) What's that?

DOCTOR:

You're telling me you don't know?

PENELOPE:

Never seen it before. Some kind of tag, is it?

DOCTOR:

Something like that, yes...

PENELOPE:

Where did he get it?

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) That's what I'd like to know. (TO DOG WALKER) Do you mind if I keep it?

PENELOPE:

It's not ours. Do what you want with it.

DOCTOR:

Thank you. I promise I'll take good care of it.

(FX: THE DOCTOR TOSSES THE TAG LIKE A COIN, CATCHES IT.)

DOCTOR:

(RUFFLES) And thank you, Scrapper! You're a very good dog, now aren't you? Yes you are! (SMILES, POCKETS THE TAG)

(FX: THE DOCTOR RUNS OFF.)

PENELOPE:

(CALLS AFTER) But, er - wait a moment!

DOCTOR:

(CALLING BACK) Oh, and you're a very good human, too! Have a wonderful day!

CUT TO:

SCENE 07. INT. MOBILE SIGNALS ROOM.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

MAXWELL:

(MONITORING) Sir, it's moving again!

PRICE:

Continue to monitor. Let me know if it changes sector.

MAXWELL:

Sir.

(FX: THE CRACKLE OF RADIO.)

WALSH:

(OVER RADIO) Greyhound Twelve to Trap Three. Do you receive me? Over.

PRICE:

Receiving loud and clear, Greyhound Twelve. What is your status? Over.

WALSH:

(OVER RADIO) We think we've found something, sir. A Police Box. It's just standing in the middle of the woods. We thought it might be him? (BEAT) Over.

PRICE:

(UNDER BREATH) Great. (INTO RADIO) Message received and understood. Have it sent back to Mobile HQ. (AFTERTHOUGHT) And note my previous order: we now have confirmation of extraterrestrials in the area. Priority alert. Repeat: priority alert. Over.

WALSH:

(OVER RADIO) Priority alert: confirmed. Orders received and understood. (BEAT) Over and out!

(FX: CRACKLE OF RADIO.)

PRICE:

(TO SELF) 'Police Box'? (SIGHS) That's all we need..

CUT TO:

SCENE 08. EXT. WOODLAND NEAR TARDIS.

(FX: THE DOCTOR MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH, STUDYING THE TAG WITH HIS SCANNER. IT NOW BURBLES AS THOUGH PROCESSING.)

DOCTOR:

Now, then, the TARDIS shouldn't be too much further. Let's see if we can get you properly analysed. Then maybe we'll get some answers, hmmm?

(FX: MOVEMENT, COCKING OF FIREARMS.)

WALSH:

(SHOUTING) Halt, don't move!

DOCTOR:

(UNDER BREATH, SIGHS) That's all I need.

(FX: THE DOCTOR FUMBLES, PUTTING THE SCANNER IN HIS POCKET.)

WALSH:

(SHOUTING) Hands in the air - now!

DOCTOR:

(CALLING BACK) Yes yes yes, alright! Hands in the air! There we go!

(FX: THE SOLDIERS SCRAMBLE CLOSER.)

DOCTOR:

I should probably tell you now that I'm unarmed.

WALSH:

We guessed you probably would be. 'Doctor'.

DOCTOR:

You know who I am? (PENNY DROPS) Ah. UNIT! Of course. Well, that makes things a great deal easier! (BREEZIER) At ease, gentlemen, I need your help.

WALSH:

Help?

DOCTOR:

Yes. As your scientific adviser, I imagine I still possess a modicum of authority, no?

(BEAT)

WALSH:

No.

DOCTOR:

Oh! That's... disappointing. I mean, I was never on staff, as such, but nonetheless... Are you absolutely certain?

WALSH:

Fairly certain, yes.

DOCTOR:

Right. (SIGHS) This isn't playing out exactly as I'd hoped...

(FX: CRACKLE OF RADIO).

WALSH:

(INTO RADIO) Greyhound Twelve to Trap Three. Over.

PRICE:

(OVER RADIO) Trap Three, receiving. (BEAT) Have you secured the Police Box? Over.

WALSH:

(INTO RADIO) Police Box has been secured and is on its way to you. Over.

DOCTOR:

Oh no...

PRICE:

(OVER RADIO) Excellent work, Greyhound Twelve. Alert all units: the alien may still be at large. Advise vigilance at all times. Over.

WALSH:

(INTO RADIO) Understood. Though we already have the alien in our custody. Request formal course of action? Over.

(LONG BEAT)

PRICE:

(OVER RADIO) Escort it to Trap Three... Bring the Doctor here! Over and out.

(FX: RADIO CRACKLES OFF.)

WALSH:

(DEEP BREATH) Doctor. You will accompany us back to Mobile HQ immediately. If you refuse, or attempt to escape, we are authorised to employ force.

(FX: A RING OF RIFLES COCKED.)

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) Of course you are.

(FX: DOCTOR TRUDGES OFF, FOLLOWED BY SOLDIERS.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 09. EXT. THE MORDEN CLINIC ENTRANCE. / INT. AMBULANCE.

(FX: A SMALL COUNTRY LANE. BIRDSONG. SERENE. THE AMBULANCE SKIDS TO A HALT. ENGINE IDLING.)

(FX: INSIDE THE CAB, MORRIS CRANKS DOWN THE WINDOW, PRESSES AN INTERCOM BUZZER.)

MORRIS:

(HUFFS AS HE WAITS, CALLS BACK) You alright back there?

SAMUEL:

I'm fine, dad, stop fussing! It's not doing anything.

MORRIS:

Shouldn't be too much long-[er]

(FX: INTERCOM BUZZ!)

MORDEN:

(OVER INTERCOM) Good afternoon, this is the Morden Clinic. How can we help you today?

MORRIS:

It's us. We've got that 'patient' you wanted. (LOADED) From the woods.

MORDEN:

(OVER INTERCOM) You'd best not waste any time, then.

(FX: INTERCOM BUZZ, THEN A CHUNK AS TWO LARGE METAL GATES CREAK OPEN. THE DRIVER CRANKS HIS WINDOW BACK UP.)

MORRIS:

(YELLING TO THE BACK) Not long now, son!

SAMUEL:

(FROM THE BACK) Good, 'cos it's starting to stink in here!

(FX: CUT TO OUTSIDE. THE GATES CLANG AS THEY COME TO A HALT, AND THE AMBULANCE TURNS ONTO GRAVEL DRIVEWAY. A BEAT, THE AMBULANCE RECEDES, AND THE GATES SWING SLOWLY CLOSED AGAIN.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 10. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - HARRISON'S OFFICE.

(FX: HARRISON WORKING AT A DESK, A PHONE RINGS. SHE ANSWERS.)

HARRISON:

(BIT BORED) Jennifer Harrison speaking.

MORDEN:

(OVER PHONE) Relax, it's only me. Morris has just reported in. They're pulling up now to complete the drop-off.

HARRISON:

And did they get what you were after?

MORDEN:

(OVER PHONE) I very much hope so, yes. (DEEP BREATH) How long do you think you'll need to get going?

HARRISON:

Oh, you know me. I'm ready when you are!

MORDEN:

(OVER PHONE) Good. I'll have the patient sent to you immediately. (BEAT, MORE GENUINE) Thank you, Jennifer..

HARRISON:

No, thank you. (HANGS UP, TO SELF) You're the one paying me weekends.

(FX: HARRISON DIALS AN INTERNAL NUMBER - ROTARY PHONE - TWO SPINS - A FEW RINGS.)

HARRISON:

Hello, Dr. Harrison here. We have a visitor. Make sure everything's prepped and ready to go, please, we can't risk any further delays. Thank you!

(FX: HARRISON REPLACES THE RECEIVER AND RISES FROM HER DESK, EXITING. SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND STEPS THROUGH.)

HARD CUT TO:

SCENE 11. INT. MOBILE SIGNALS ROOM.

(FX: A TRAILER DOOR IS SLAMMED OPEN AND THE DOCTOR PUSHED INSIDE. HE STUMBLES UP THE STEPS.)

DOCTOR:

(STUMBLES, STEADIES HIMSELF) Well, this is all terribly civilised, isn't it? Guns and orders and shoving. It's almost like I've never been away! I don't suppose there's chance of a cup of tea? It's been quite the trek!

PRICE:

(DEEP BREATH, ALREADY WEARY) Bates?

WALSH:

Sir?

PRICE:

Get a brew on, there's a good man.

DOCTOR:

Milk, two sugars. Stirred, not shaken.

WALSH:

(UNCERTAIN) Sir?

PRICE:

Do as he says. Oh, and tell Hopkins I have a job for him. I'll be over there shortly.

WALSH:

Yes, sir! (FX: LEAVES.)

PRICE:

(UNIMPRESSED, EYEING HIM UP) Hmmm. So, you're our infamous scientific adviser, are you?

DOCTOR:

Indeed I am... Lieutenant-Colonel...?

PRICE:

Price. Commanding Officer.

DOCTOR:

So you're the latest. (MAKES TO SHAKE HANDS) I'm delighted to make your acquaintance, Lieutenant-Colonel!

PRICE:

Just 'Colonel' is sufficient.

(NO HANDSHAKE, BIT AWKWARD).

DOCTOR:

Ah.

PRICE:

(TO BUSINESS) Just to be clear: you're not actually here in any official capacity, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Not to my knowledge, no. (SMILES) What can I say? Old habits die hard.

PRICE:

That wasn't a question, 'Doctor', I am telling you. You have no function here. In fact, you may have already compromised our operation.

DOCTOR:

Oh, and what might that be?

PRICE:

Never you mind. We've wasted enough of our resources tracking your signal. Wild goose chase doesn't even begin to cover it. We've had men out there all - [morning]

DOCTOR:

(OVER THIS) Wait a moment. I'm sorry? What do you mean, my signal?

MAXWELL:

We picked up an unidentified signal emanating from the woodland early this morning. Seems to be of non-terrestrial origin.

DOCTOR:

Oh, hello, didn't see you there, Corporal...? [TRAILS OFF, PROMPTING FOR NAME]

MAXWELL:

Linda Maxwell. On attachment from Signals.

DOCTOR:

Yes, you don't seem like the regular UNIT type.

MAXWELL:

(GLARE) Why, because I'm a woman?

DOCTOR:

Oh, no no, not at all. I meant because... (AWKWARD) Well, you know... you're not just another soldier.

MAXWELL:

Is that supposed to be less offensive?

DOCTOR:

(THROWN) Oh, I, er -

PRICE:

Stop digging, Doctor. (BACK ON TRACK) We've been receiving reports, on and off, for months now. Suggested UFO activity in the vicinity - though nothing we could substantiate.

DOCTOR:

Until today?

PRICE:

Indeed. When you turned up. Quite the coincidence!

DOCTOR:

Isn't it? (LONG BEAT, THEN BREEZIER) You're wrong, of course! The signal's not mine at all. Rather, it's what brought the TARDIS here. Looks like I may have even saved you time!

MAXWELL:

I tracked the signal all the way back here, Doctor. Sorry, but - we already know it's you.

DOCTOR:

Oh, you don't know a thing - no offence. True, you would have followed the signal back with me, but that doesn't mean I sent it. Rather, I got there first. See?

(FX: THE DOCTOR PULLS THE TAG FROM HIS POCKET.)

DOCTOR:

Discreet transmitter. (FX: TOSSES IT - PING - LIKE A COIN THEN CATCHES!) I found it on a rather lovely collie, out on the hills. Owner had no idea how it had got there. And we still don't know where it came from. (BEAT) I was actually on my way to run some tests when - [your men]

PRICE:

Yes, alright, I get the idea! (HUFFS) Maxwell?

MAXWELL:

I'll start rescanning the local area, sir. See what I can find.

PRICE:

Good work.

(FX: RADIO CRACKLE).

PRICE:

(INTO RADIO) This is Greyhound Leader to all units. Resume your search. The Doctor is in our custody, but there's a likelihood of additional extraterrestrials in the area. All units to remain on high alert. (BEAT) Over and out.

(FX: CRACKLE).

DOCTOR:

That really isn't necessary, you know? I can handle this. As soon as our tea's arrived, I'll be out of your hair.

PRICE:

Must I remind you that you have no official role here, Doctor? For as long as UNIT are in charge of this operation, I can't let you out of my sight.

DOCTOR:

As a civilian, I'm not entirely sure you're able to stop me.

PRICE:

Perhaps not. But as our scientific adviser, I can still have you arrested for desertion of duty. (SMILES) Whichever way you choose to play this, Doctor, you're not going anywhere. Come with me...

(FX: THEY EXIT THE TRAILER.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 12. EXT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - DRIVEWAY.

(FX: MORRIS AND SAMUEL LIFT THE GURNEY OUT THE AMBULANCE.)

MORRIS:

(EFFORT) There... we... go! (HEFTS)

(FX: THEY PLACE IT ON THE DRIVE, CATCH THEIR BREATH, AS MORDEN RUNS OUT OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO GREET THEM.)

MORDEN:

(APPROACHING, CONCERN) How is it looking?

MORRIS:

Fine. I think. Hard to tell, you know, what with it being... foreign.

MORDEN:

'Alien' is not a dirty word, Morris. You can say it.

MORRIS:

Of course. I'm sorry. (SUPPRESSES SHUDDER) But still...

MORDEN:

And it's just the one this time, yes?

SAMUEL:

As far as we could tell: it was pretty dark in there.

MORRIS:

No sign of any strays though.

MORDEN:

Good... And did anyone see you?

SAMUEL:

Do we ask how you do your job?

MORRIS:

Samuel! (MORE POLITE) No. Nobody saw us. There were soldiers not long after, mind.

MORDEN:

Soldiers?!

MORRIS:

Setting up road blocks.

SAMUEL:

Probably just 'manoeuvres' again, or something...?

MORDEN:

Hmmm. Or maybe they're finally waking up to what's going on here...? (BEAT, BACK TO BUSINESS) Either way, we all have work to do, and we can't keep this one waiting. I'll let Dr. Harrison know you're here. Get it inside!

(FX: MORDEN SWEEPS BACK INSIDE.)

SAMUEL:

(MUTTERS) We weren't just gonna leave it out here, were we?

MORRIS:

Less of your cheek, boy. She's our boss, remember. Now come on... (EFFORT AS HE PUSHES)

(FX: SQUEAK/CLATTER OF THE GURNEY BEING HAULED INSIDE. A DISTANT RUMBLE OF THUNDER. BAD WEATHER BUILDING.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 13. INT. UNIT MOBILE HQ.

(FX: A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.)

HOPKINS:
Come in!

(FX: THE DOOR OPENS. PRICE AND THE DOCTOR ENTER.)

HOPKINS:
Sir! You wanted to see me?

PRICE:
No, I wanted you to see this man.

HOPKINS:
Oh?

PRICE:
Hopkins, this is the Doctor. At least, we presume it's the Doctor. For all we know it could be one of his associates playing for time.

DOCTOR:
Oh come now, really?!

PRICE:
I'd like to use your expertise to determine whether he is who he says he is.

HOPKINS:
Right, I see. Well, er... (CLEARS THROAT) Doctor, if you wouldn't mind taking a seat?

DOCTOR:
Since you asked nicely, Surgeon-Lieutenant. (SITS)

HOPKINS:
Just "Lieutenant", thanks, I was never in the Navy.

(FX: HOPKINS PULLS EQUIPMENT ACROSS HIS DESK.)

HOPKINS:
If you could remove your coat...?

DOCTOR:
(BEGINS TO TAKE OFF COAT) Of course.

HOPKINS:

While you're doing that, I'll just pop this in your ear...

(FX: HOPKINS PUTS A THERMOMETER IN THE DOCTOR'S EAR.)

DOCTOR:

(CURIOUS) Quite an advanced thermometer for the time period, if I'm when I think I am.

A SECOND OR TWO THEN A BLEEP.)

HOPKINS:

(SURPRISE) Oh.

PRICE:

Not good?

HOPKINS:

Body temperature of... (SURPRISE) thirty-one degrees.

BEGINS THROUGH...

PRICE:

Centigrade?!

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, I don't have hypothermia.

HOPKINS:

If you could just raise your pullover...? — Now: breathe in...

DOCTOR:

(BREATHES IN)

HOPKINS:

And out...

DOCTOR:

(BREATHES OUT)

HOPKINS:

And in...

DOCTOR:

(BREATHES IN)

HOPKINS:

And out...

DOCTOR:

(BREATHES OUT)

(FX: BEAT AS HOPKINS LISTENS, THEN PUTS HIS STETHOSCOPE AWAY.)

HOPKINS:

Yes... There's the double hearts-beat... as per his file. (BEAT)
Colonel, I think this might well be our man.

DOCTOR:

(OFFENDED) Well, who else would I be?!

PRICE:

Can you be certain?

HOPKINS:

I could take some bloods, run some tests. It depends how long -
[you have]

PRICE:

(SHARP) No, no, no, it's fine. I'll take your word for it.

DOCTOR:

If you'd taken mine to begin with, it could have saved us all a
lot of time.

PRICE:

In a rush, are we? Somewhere to be? Friends we should be on the
lookout for...?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid not at the moment, just me. But that signal, the one
that drew you here - the one that drew me here - trust me when
I tell you: I can deal with it alone!

PRICE:

Or perhaps you can advise us how to deal with it. (SNEER)
Scientifically.

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS - WHAT'S THE POINT)

(FX: RADIO CRACKLE)

MAXWELL:

(OVER RADIO) Trap Three to Greyhound Leader. Fallen Kestrel has
been located. Repeat. Fallen Kestrel has been located. Over.

PRICE:

(INTO RADIO) State location of Fallen Kestrel. Over.

MAXWELL:

(OVER RADIO) Sector Delta-Nine in the north-west quadrant.

PRICE:

(INTO RADIO) I'll be right there. All field units to converge. Remaining troops to maintain perimeter security. Over and out.

(FX: RADIO CRACKLE. IMMEDIATELY, PRICE IS BUSTLING, HOLSTERING HIS GUN.)

DOCTOR:

I'm presuming 'Fallen Kestrel' is some kind of spacecraft, yes?

PRICE:

Nothing gets past you, does it?

DOCTOR:

Good. (PULLING ON COAT) Then I'm coming with you!

PRICE:

Excuse me?!

DOCTOR:

It's that, and you let me advise you - willingly - on how best to deal with the developing situation... Or you keep me here, locked away, where I'll no doubt escape and then run riot.

(BEAT) You must have read the files, Colonel. Which would you rather?

PRICE:

(DEEP BREATH) Hopkins. Come with us. You're the Doctor's escort.

HOPKINS:

Sir.

PRICE:

Now get a move on, both of you!

(FX: PRICE STORMS OUT).

MUSIC SEGUE

SCENE 14. EXT. WOODLAND - CRASH SITE.

(FX: WIND'S PICKED UP SLIGHTLY. THE FAINT HISS OF STEAM FROM THE SPACESHIP. A JEEP APPROACHES AND PULLS UP. PRICE STEPS OUT, FOLLOWED BY THE DOCTOR AND HOPKINS. TWO SOLDIERS STAND TO ATTENTION.)

WILDTRACK SOLDIERS:

Sir!

PRICE:

At ease, Privates!

(FX: PRICE AND THE OTHERS STEPS THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH AND TWIGS TOWARDS THE SHIP.)

PRICE:

(SURVEYING THE SCENE) So... this is it, then? Our mysterious alien spacecraft. (MUSING) Must have come down at quite some speed to bury itself like that.

DOCTOR:

You'd think so, wouldn't you? To look at it...

HOPKINS:

Do you not think it did?

DOCTOR:

Honestly? I'm not sure. (LOOKING ROUND) This is a crash site, yes? And yet, there's precious little actual evidence of a crash at all.

PRICE:

Save for the sizeable alien vessel that's buried itself in the earth, you mean?

DOCTOR:

(TSK) Typical soldier. Can't see the wood for the trees! Literally in this case.

PRICE:

What do you mean by that?

DOCTOR:

Look above us, Colonel, then look around us. Scarcely any damage to the treetops. (BEAT) Surely any spacecraft coming in at speed wouldn't be able to negotiate such a neat crash-landing?

HOPKINS:

You'd expect it to have caused more damage?

DOCTOR:

To say the least... but no. It all seems rather tidy. I wonder...

(FX: THE DOCTOR STEPS TOWARDS THE SHIP, TAKES OFF A SMALL PANEL AND STARTS INTERFERING, PULLING OUT WIRES, PRESSING BUTTONS, ETC.)

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT SOUNDS)

PRICE:

(WARY) Doctor... What are you doing?

DOCTOR:

Think of it as - (TUGS) - intergalactic lock-picking.

HOPKINS:

Is it safe? I mean... should you really be messing around in the innards of that thing?

DOCTOR:

I'm not (LAST EFFORT) "messing around", Lieutenant.

(FX: WITH A CHIRRUP OF SUCCESS, THE CRAFT'S DOOR HISSES OPEN.)

DOCTOR:

Aha, success!

(FX: THE DOORS OPEN FULLY WITH A CHUNK. BEAT OF EERIE SILENCE.)

DOCTOR:

(CALLS) Hello? Anyone at home?

(SILENCE)

DOCTOR:

Thought not. Ah, well... wish me luck!

(FX: THE DOCTOR MAKES TO ENTER. PRICE STEPS FORWARD. COCKS HIS GUN.)

PRICE:

Doctor! Must I remind you, once again, that this is a UNIT operation and I am the commanding officer?!

DOCTOR:

Oh, of course. So sorry! (STEPS ASIDE) After you...

PRICE:

Is it safe?

DOCTOR:

You tell us. After all, you are the commanding officer!

PRICE:

Hopkins, with me. (WEARY SIGH) You too, Doctor. No point pretending you're just going to wait outside...

DOCTOR:

(ON THE MOVE) You're a fast learner, Colonel. Lead the way!

(FX: THEY VENTURE INSIDE...)

CUT TO:

SCENE 15. INT. HELLIAX CRAFT - COCKPIT.

(FX: PRICE, HOPKINS AND THE DOCTOR ENTER TENTATIVELY. METAL GRATING UNDERFOOT. A LOW THRUM OF ACTIVITY ALL AROUND THEM. THE DOCTOR INSTANTLY MAKES FOR THE CONTROLS.)

HOPKINS:

(AWED) My goodness...

PRICE:

So this is what we're up against!

(FX: THE DOCTOR STUDIES THE CONTROL READOUTS.)

DOCTOR:

'Up against'? Don't be ridiculous. This is little more than a shuttlecraft, not an invasion force.

PRICE:

How can you be so sure?

DOCTOR:

Well, the size of it for one thing. Single occupancy. It's compact, but still room to move. Whoever they are, they're most likely humanoid.

PRICE:

So they could look like any one of us?

HOPKINS:

(AWKWARD) Unlikely, sir. I think what the Doctor means is - like him - their anatomy might be similar, not identical.

PRICE:

But they could still mean us harm.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I doubt that very much. This ship doesn't have any weaponry. No offensive capabilities at all, in fact.

PRICE:

I'm glad to hear it.

DOCTOR:

(EDGE) Which means, they won't be hostile.

PRICE:

You say that, but there's no pilot. So where's it got to?

DOCTOR:

Ah... good point. Best get moving!

(FX: THE DOCTOR RISES AND DASHES OUT THE COCKPIT.)

PRICE:

Doctor, wait!

(FX: HOPKINS AND PRICE FOLLOW THE DOCTOR OUTSIDE.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 16. EXT. WOODLAND - CRASH SITE.

(FX: THE DOCTOR EMERGES, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY PRICE AND HOPKINS.)

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF, WORKING IT OUT) So. No casualties. Minimal disturbance. Everything in perfect working order. Hmm. Something's not quite right here... (BACK ON IT, TO PRICE) Colonel, I need your men to run a sweep of the local area. Be on the lookout for our survivor.

PRICE:

I give the orders around here, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Then I suggest you hurry up and start giving them!

PRICE:

(MUTTERS A HARRUMPH)

(FX: CRACKLE OF RADIO. PRICE STEPS AWAY.)

PRICE:

(INTO RADIO) Greyhound Leader to all units. Report. We have discovered a non-terrestrial vessel in sector Delta-Nine. Its occupant is currently unaccounted for. Suspected to be somewhere in the vicinity. Advise extreme caution. Over and out.

CUT TO:

SCENE 17. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - OPERATING THEATRE.

(FX: AN EERIE METAL SPACE. MACHINES MONITOR IRREGULAR HEARTBEATS ON EITHER SIDE, REGULATING BREATHING. STRANGE ALIEN BREATHING ECHOES QUIETLY ROUND THE ROOM.)

HELLIAX:

(GENTLE, ALIEN BREATHING)

HARRISON:

Look at you. You're beautiful. Incredible. This world's never seen anything like you...

(FX: A METAL DOOR OPENS. MORRIS ENTERS.)

HARRISON:

Ah, Morris! About time.

MORRIS:

Had to go through quarantine checks, didn't I? (BEAT, DISDAIN)
How is it?

HARRISON:

It would appear to be stable, at least for the moment. No obvious signs of deterioration... I'd almost say it's in a state of perfect health!

MORRIS:

Are we going to get started, then?

(FX: MORRIS PICKS UP A MEDICAL SAW FROM A TROLLEY, SWITCHES IT ON WITH A WHINE.)

HARRISON:

Put that down!

(FX: SAW OFF)

HARRISON:

We'll take our time with this one. (LOW, TO ALIEN) Soon, all your secrets will be revealed to us...

CUT TO:

SCENE 18. EXT. WOODLAND - CRASH SITE.

(FX: AS BEFORE. TROOPS RUNNING THROUGH WOODLAND)

HOPKINS:

You think the pilot might still be out here, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

If they'd been injured, or killed on impact, they'd still be trapped inside. Which means they must have got out. Looking for help, perhaps?

HOPKINS:

Help? We're in the middle of nowhere!

DOCTOR:

Indeed... And that ship is more than capable of transmitting a distress call. Which means they didn't want to draw attention to themselves...

(FX: PRICE STRIDES OVER.)

PRICE:

My men are currently running a sweep of the local area. We should have a helicopter dispatched within half an hour, just in case our visitor's fled further afield. Wherever this alien is, we will find them.

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure that's quite as reassuring as you think it is, Colonel.

PRICE:

Doctor, this is still a civilian area. If there's any chance of extraterrestrial interference, our priority is to neutralise it. That's why UNIT was founded after all: to deal with new and unusual threats to the human race.

DOCTOR:

Whatever this creature is, it's not a threat.

PRICE:

You're an alien too, you would say that.

DOCTOR:

(EXASPERATED SIGH) Fine! Have it your way. I'll just have to sort this all out by myself. (TO HOPKINS) Goodbye, Daniel.

(FX: THE DOCTOR STORMS OFF.)

HOPKINS:

Doctor! Where do you think you're going?

DOCTOR:

(CALLING BACK) Back to my TARDIS!

PRICE:

(COCKS GUN) You stay right where you are, Doctor!!

(FX: THE DOCTOR STOPS.)

DOCTOR:

Lieutenant-Colonel Price. I do not respond to idle threats.

PRICE:

Doctor, I warned you. I'm placing you under arrest for dereliction of duty.

DOCTOR:

And I am ignoring you. If you want to stop me, you'll just have to shoot me in the back.

PRICE:

You're bluffing!

DOCTOR:

One of us is bluffing, Colonel. And it isn't me.

PRICE:

Count of three, Doctor! One!

DOCTOR:

If that's how you want it — (WALKS)

PRICE:

Two!

HOPKINS:

This is madness!

DOCTOR:

(CALLING BACK) I couldn't agree more.

PRICE:

Three!

HOPKINS:

No!!

CLOSING THEME - END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

PRICE:

Doctor, I warned you. I'm placing you under arrest for dereliction of duty.

DOCTOR:

And I am ignoring you. If you want to stop me, you'll just have to shoot me in the back.

PRICE:

You're bluffing!

DOCTOR:

One of us is bluffing, Colonel. And it isn't me.

PRICE:

Count of three, Doctor! One!

DOCTOR:

If that's how you want it - (WALKS)

PRICE:

Two!

HOPKINS:

This is madness!

DOCTOR:

(CALLING BACK) I couldn't agree more.

PRICE:

Three!

HOPKINS:

No!!

CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 19. EXT. WOODLAND - CRASH SITE [CONTINUED]

PRICE:

Don't interfere, Hopkins!

HOPKINS:

Request permission to take the Doctor into my custody, sir!

PRICE:

Your what?!

HOPKINS:

(CALLING) Doctor – stop! Will you surrender yourself to me? – Please, Doctor...!

(THE DOCTOR STOPS)

DOCTOR:

Again, Lieutenant – since you asked nicely... (HE WALKS BACK)

PRICE:

Very well, Hopkins. Permission granted. I'm placing the Doctor into your custody. Understand this: he is to remain by your side at all times. Do not let him out of your sight!!

HOPKINS:

Yes, sir!

PRICE:

Take my pistol. You may use force, if necessary.

DOCTOR:

It won't be.

HOPKINS:

(TAKING PISTOL) It had better not.

PRICE:

Now, I've an operation to coordinate that's just got a lot more complicated!

(FX: PRICE STORMS OFF.)

DOCTOR:

(UNDER BREATH) Charming man. (TO HOPKINS) Shall we...?

HOPKINS:

After you.

DOCTOR:

Oh, no, I insist!

HOPKINS:

(HARDER) No, Doctor. Really. After you...

(FX: BEGRUDGINGLY, THEY SET OFF THROUGH THE WOODLAND.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 20. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - OPERATING THEATRE.

(FX: CLINICAL ATMOSPHERE. WATER FLOWS FROM A SINK, HARRISON SCRUBBING UP. MORDEN ENTERS.)

MORDEN:

Any news?

HARRISON:

Just prepping our patient now. We shouldn't be too much longer.

(FX: TAPS OFF.)

HARRISON:

They appear to be quite the find, all things considered. Barely even a scratch. I'm impressed!

MORDEN:

I had words with them both after last time. I think Samuel got a little carried away. (MORE UPBEAT) Still, I have a good feeling about this one.

HARRISON:

You always say that.

MORDEN:

I always hope.

(FX: FADE UP THE ALIEN BREATHING SLIGHTLY).

MORDEN:

But no... this one. (HOPEFUL BUT HAUNTED) It looks just like -
(TRAILS OFF)

HARRISON:

Yes...?

MORDEN:

The one I met before.

CUT TO:

SCENE 21. INT. MOBILE SIGNALS ROOM.

(FX: AS BEFORE. PRICE ENTERS.)

MAXWELL:

(STARTLED) Sir! I wasn't expecting you back so soon..

PRICE:

That makes two of us, Maxwell. The vessel we found was empty.

MAXWELL:

I heard. I take it there's no news on the alien's whereabouts?

PRICE:

Not yet. But I'm thinking you can change that. I want you to open up the catchment area - perhaps a five-mile radius - and keep a lookout for any new signals.

MAXWELL:

Of course. I'll get right on it.

(FX: MAXWELL ADJUSTS EQUIPMENT, BEGINS A SCAN.)

MAXWELL:

Any indication what it is we might be looking for?

PRICE:

At this stage, Maxwell, no, I'm afraid not. Just anything...
unusual.

MAXWELL:

Anything 'unusual'. Got it.

(FX: THE EQUIPMENT SCANS AWAY, RISING IN THE MIX.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 22. EXT. WOODLANDS

(FX: RAINING. THE DOCTOR MOVES OFF, HOPKINS FOLLOWING.)

HOPKINS:

So where are we going?!

DOCTOR:

Someplace dry.

HOPKINS:

That isn't an answer. Where are we going?

DOCTOR:

I told you. My TARDIS, see? So kind of UNIT to look after her for me.

HOPKINS:

No, but - wait! You heard what Price said. You're in my custody now.

DOCTOR:

Ah, and you're not allowed to let me out of your sight. Don't worry, Daniel, I'm not about to make you disobey an order.

HOPKINS:

Good.

(FX: THE DOCTOR TAKES THE TARDIS KEY FROM HIS POCKET.)

DOCTOR:

Good! So - are you coming?

HOPKINS:

What - in there?

DOCTOR:

Well, yes. In the spirit of 'not letting me out of your sight'.

(FX: HE OPENS THE DOOR.)

DOCTOR:

You're lucky, it's not an offer I make to many.

HOPKINS:

But, I -

(FX: THE DOCTOR ENTERS THE TARDIS.)

DOCTOR:

(CALLING BACK) Close the door behind you, won't you?

HOPKINS:

(HUFFS)

(FX: HOPKINS FOLLOWS THE DOCTOR INSIDE.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 23. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(FX: THE DOCTOR'S ALREADY AT THE CONTROLS, FLICKING SWITCHES AS HOPKINS ENTERS. THE DOORS HUM SHUT. A FEW TENTATIVE STEPS.)

DOCTOR:

(LOOKING UP AS HE WORKS) Wipe your feet, I'll be with you in just a moment. In the meantime, feel free to tell me how it's bigger on the inside than the outside. Takes some people a while to get their head around.

HOPKINS:

Doesn't really need saying, does it?

DOCTOR:

Ah, the military mind: disappointingly functional! (RUMMAGES IN HIS POCKETS) Now, then...

(FX: THE DOCTOR PULLS OUT THE DOG TAG, FLICKS SWITCHES.)

HOPKINS:

What's that?

DOCTOR:

Dog tag - at least, I found it on a dog. I was hoping to run some tests, find out what it is, where it's come from...

HOPKINS:

Why?

DOCTOR:

Because I think it's projecting some kind of signal, the one we both detected.

(FX: THE TARDIS CONSOLE EMITS THE SIGNAL WE HEARD IN PART ONE.)

DOCTOR:

That kind of signal.

(FX: THE SIGNAL CONTINUES...)

CUT TO:

SCENE 24. INT. MOBILE SIGNALS ROOM.

(FX: AS BEFORE. THE EQUIPMENT NOW REPEATING THE DOG-TAG SEQUENCE.)

PRICE:

What's that noise?

MAXWELL:

(MONITORING) The same signal we were picking up earlier, only a great deal stronger. (CONCERN) The source must be on site. Maybe thirty, thirty-five metres away?

PRICE:

(REALISING) That'll be the Doctor, one step ahead of us. Again. (BEAT) Anything else?

MAXWELL:

I'll see if I can filter out the disturbance.

PRICE:

You do that. Keep on looking...

(FX: THE EQUIPMENT WARBLER AS MAXWELL TUNES OUT.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 25. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(FX: THE SIGNAL BLOOPS OFF, TO THE DOCTOR'S ANNOYANCE.)

DOCTOR:

Useless! (HUFFS)

(FX: HE FLICKS CONTROLS, OPERATES THE SCANNER.)

HOPKINS:

What's the matter?

DOCTOR:

That clue we had? Not an actual clue at all. More a red herring designed to throw us off the scent.

HOPKINS:

How do you mean?

DOCTOR:

Something wanted us to pick up on that signal. They planted it on a dog to lead us away. But from what? (BEAT) Keep an eye on the scanner for me, would you?

(FX: THE DOCTOR PUNCHES MORE BUTTONS.)

HOPKINS:

Sure. (BEAT) What am I looking for?

DOCTOR:

If the old girl's not playing up, that should be an aerial map of immediate area. I'm running a scan for unknown life signs...

(FX: A LOW, RADAR-STYLE BLOOP REPEATS OVER THE SCANNER. GENTLE.)

HOPKINS:

Nothing yet...

DOCTOR:

Maybe if I widen the radius, and give it a power-boost...

(FX: THE SCANNER ZOOMS OUT, STILL THE RADAR. THEN A BLEEP REGISTERS.)

HOPKINS:

Wait, there's something out there -

(FX: ANOTHER BLEEP! THEN ANOTHER! THEN LOTS, ALL LAYERING UP.)

HOPKINS:

Lots of somethings! Maybe four or five kilometres due west?

DOCTOR:

(DREAD) Too many for a single shuttle, that's not good. Maybe there's more than one survivor? (DECIDES) We have to get out there!

(FX: HE SLAMS THE DOOR CONTROLS, THEY OPEN, AND HE DASHES OUT).

HOPKINS:

But Doctor - !

(FX: HOPKINS RUNS OUT AFTER HIM.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 26. INT. MOBILE SIGNALS ROOM.

(FX: MAXWELL'S EQUIPMENT NOW PICKING UP THE SAME SIGNAL.)

MAXWELL:

(MONITORING) Interesting...

PRICE:

What is?

MAXWELL:

We seem to be experiencing some kind of energy boost. It's located multiple signals further afield...

PRICE:

How much further?

MAXWELL:

Hard to pinpoint immediately. Can't be more than three or four miles away. Just breaking it down for you now.

PRICE:

Good work, Maxwell, good work. (BEAT) If that thing's out there, we will find it!

CUT TO:

SCENE 27. EXT. UNIT MOBILE HQ.

(FX: AS BEFORE. STILL RAINING. THE DOCTOR DASHES BACK TO THE JEEP.)

DOCTOR:

If they're out there, I have to find them - before your Colonel Price goes and ruins everything! (STOPS) Ah. Keys. Do you still have them?

HOPKINS:

Keys?

DOCTOR:

For the jeep. You drove us here, remember.

HOPKINS:

Why do you want them?

DOCTOR:

(WEARY) You really do ask a lot of questions, don't you?

HOPKINS:

I can't just let you drive away! I'm meant to be guarding you.

DOCTOR:

I never said you had to. (SMILES) You drove me before, you can drive me again. Maybe to somewhere - oh, I don't know - a few kilometres due west of here? (BEAT) So, the keys?

HOPKINS:

No, Doctor.

(FX: HOPKINS COCKS PISTOL.)

DOCTOR:

Ah. The Colonel's pistol. Not your keys.

HOPKINS:

Sorry.

DOCTOR:

No need to be sorry. Just checking you knew the difference. After all, mistakes can happen.

HOPKINS:

You heard what the Colonel said. I'm to use force if I have to.

DOCTOR:

But you don't 'have to', do you, Lieutenant? I've given you a choice.

HOPKINS:

And I've given you a warning.

(FX: THE DOCTOR STEPS AWAY, BACK TO THE JEEP.)

DOCTOR:

(ALL CHEER) Oh look, the passenger door's still open!

HOPKINS:

Doctor, stop!

DOCTOR:

Why, I can't go anywhere!

(FX: HE OPENS THE DOOR, CLAMBER INSIDE.)

DOCTOR:

Nice and comfy, isn't it? Well, what are you waiting for?!

HOPKINS:

Doctor, please! I will use force.

DOCTOR:

No you won't. You're a medical man, you don't like guns: you'd sooner save lives than take them. Even an alien life like mine. (BEAT) Of course, I could be wrong...? But if I'm not, I suggest you stop wasting time and climb on in!

(A LONG BEAT AS HOPKINS CONSIDERS).

HOPKINS:

(SIGHS, RELENTS) You've done this before, haven't you?

DOCTOR:

Once or twice...

HOPKINS:

(HUFFS OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE JEEP)

(FX: HOPKINS OPENS THE DRIVER DOOR, JUMPS IN, FUMBLES WITH KEYS.)

HOPKINS:

Do you even know where it is we're going?

DOCTOR:

Not a clue! This thing, on the other hand -

(FX: THE DOCTOR PULLS HIS PORTABLE SCANNER FROM HIS POCKET. IT ACTIVATES, AS IN PART ONE.)

HOPKINS:

Right.

DOCTOR:

Portable scanner. Should take us exactly where we want to go. Rogue canines notwithstanding.. (CHECKING THE SCANNER) Let's see now...

(FX: HOPKINS TURNS THE KEY IN THE IGNITION. THE SCANNER PINGS.)

DOCTOR:

In four hundred yards, turn left.

(FX: CUT TO OUTSIDE. THE JEEP ROARS AWAY.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 28. INT. MOBILE SIGNALS ROOM.

(FX: AS BEFORE. THE SIGNAL GROWING FAINTER.)

MAXWELL:

Er, sir...?

PRICE:

Yes, Maxwell, what is it?

MAXWELL:

That signal we were picking up earlier... the one you said was the Doctor?

PRICE:

What about it?

MAXWELL:

It would seem to be moving away again.

PRICE:

What?! But... no. He was under strict instructions to - (TRAILS OFF) Oh, Doctor.

(FX: PRICE STORMS OUTSIDE.)

PRICE:

(BARKING) Right, me, listen up! We have a situation...

CUT TO:

SCENE 29. EXT. UNIT MOBILE HQ.

(FX: PRICE EMERGES INTO THE RAIN.)

PRICE:

(YELLING) Hopkins!

WALSH:

He just left, sir.

PRICE:

Left? What do you mean, 'left'? Where to?

WALSH:

I dunno, he didn't say.

PRICE:

(QUIETLY FUMING) I see. And was he alone?

WALSH:

No, sir. The Doctor was with him.

PRICE:

Of course he was. (HUFFS, FRUSTRATED)

(FX: PRICE TAKES OUT HIS RADIO. CRACKLE.)

PRICE:

(INTO RADIO) Greyhound Leader to Greyhound Five. Hopkins, what the hell are you playing at?!

HARD CUT TO:

SCENE 30. INT. JEEP.

(FX: THE JEEP DRIVING ALONG. WIPERS GOING. THE DOCTOR'S SCANNER STILL ROUTINELY BLEEPS.)

PRICE:

(OVER RADIO) I want an update on your position. Over.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

Aren't you going to answer that?

HOPKINS:

Bit tricky, as I'm driving.

(FX: RADIO CRACKLES AGAIN.)

PRICE:

(OVER RADIO) Hopkins, confirm your position immediately! Over.

HOPKINS:

Besides, he's never nice to deal with when he's angry.

DOCTOR:

I'd venture he's never nice to deal with, full-stop.

PRICE:

(OVER RADIO) Greyhound Leader to Greyhound Five, I repeat: update us on your status immediately, or I'll have no choice but to dispatch units to track your vehicle. Immediate response required. Over.

(FX: THE DOCTOR GRABS THE RADIO.)

HOPKINS:

Hey, what are you doing?!

(FX: CRACKLE.)

DOCTOR:

(INTO RADIO) Greyhound Leader. This is the Doctor! Consider this an immediate response. I'm with the Lieutenant. He's not let me out of his sight for a second, you should be proud! I'm a very difficult man to escort, most of the time. (BEAT) As for our current position, well...? I'm afraid we're on the move, so hard to say... Don't worry though, I'll bring him back as soon as I can.

(FX: THE DOCTOR WINDS DOWN HIS WINDOW.)

DOCTOR:

Oh, and by the way, I'm just getting rid of that dog tag. Can't have you using it to track our movements now, can we? So sorry! No offence, but I don't want you interfering... Over and out. Bye-bye now!

(FX: RADIO CRACKLE.)

DOCTOR:

(ALL SMILES, TO HOPKINS) There. That should keep him off our back!

(FX: THE DOCTOR CHUCKS THE TAG OUT THE WINDOW. CUT TO OUTSIDE AS IT CLATTERS ONTO THE ROAD, AND THE JEEP ROARS AWAY.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 31. INT. MOBILE SIGNALS ROOM.

(FX: AS BEFORE. RADIO CRACKLE OFF. RAIN)

PRICE:

(FRUSTRATED) That man...

(FX: PRICE STORMS BACK TO THE SIGNALS ROOM, CLIMBS IN.)

PRICE:

(BARKING ORDERS) Maxwell, get me a connection to UNIT Central HQ.

MAXWELL:

Sir!

(FX: MAXWELL STARTS SETTING UP A CONNECTION.)

PRICE:

The Doctor's up to something. We need reinforcements...

(FX: RUMBLE OF THUNDER FROM OUTSIDE.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 32. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - OPERATING THEATRE.

(FX: EQUIPMENT MONITORS THE HELLIAX'S LIFE SIGNS. STILL THAT LOW, RASP-LIKE BREATHING. RAIN ON THE WINDOWS)

HARRISON:

(CONCENTRATING) And that's the last of the blood samples, for now...

(FX: HARRISON PLUGS A STOPPER IN A VIAL. HANDS IT TO MORRIS, WHO'S TAKING NOTES.)

HARRISON:

Have them sent to the lab for processing. Routine tests.

MORRIS:

As always.

HARRISON:

Also, note puncture wound to the lower left-forearm: not caused in the crash... Pulse - if one can call it that - around fifteen beats per minute... Blood pressure low, which may be a result of non-terrestrial gravity. We should keep an eye on that, going forward. All other tests seem normal, within reason.

MORRIS:

(SCRIBBLING) 'Other tests equal normal'. Right...

HARRISON:

And tell Ms Morden we'll be ready to operate properly in half an hour.

MORRIS:

Yes, doctor.

(FX: MORRIS LEAVES. HARRISON MOVES CLOSER TO THE HELLIAX PATIENT, PULLS ON SOME SURGICAL GLOVES.)

HARRISON:

(LOW) As for you, you just carry on resting. (BEAT) Trust me... you're in safe hands. The safest...

CUT TO:

SCENE 33. EXT. THE MORDEN CLINIC ENTRANCE. / INT. JEEP.

(FX: STILL RAINING, THE UNIT JEEP PULLS UP.)

(FX: INSIDE THE CAB, THE DOCTOR'S SCANNER BLEEPS. WIPERS SWIPE AS THE ENGINE IDLES.)

HOPKINS:

(UNIMPRESSED) You sure this is the place?

DOCTOR:

According to my friend here - (FX: SCANNER BLEEPS) - yes, it is!

HOPKINS:

Looks a bit fancy. For aliens.

DOCTOR:

Didn't have you down as a snob, Hopkins. (PROMPTING) Now, if you'd do the honours?

HOPKINS:

(SIGHS)

(FX: RELUCTANTLY, HOPKINS WINDS DOWN THE WINDOW, PRESSES THE INTERCOM. BUZZ!)

HOPKINS:

(TO DOCTOR) What should I say?

DOCTOR:

The truth.

(FX: CRACKLE AS SAMUEL ANSWERS.)

SAMUEL:

(OVER INTERCOM, TIGHT) This is the Morden Clinic. Can I help you?

HOPKINS:

(INTO INTERCOM) Er, yeah... yes, sorry! My name's Dan. I'm new to the area. Got a little bit lost passing through. Just wondered if I could ask you for directions...? (LONG BEAT) Hello?

SAMUEL:

(OVER INTERCOM) Sorry, that's not what we're here for. You'll have to find somebody else. Bye!

HOPKINS:

No, but -

(FX: BUZZ! INTERCOM OFF.)

HOPKINS:

(SIGHS) ...that went well.

DOCTOR:

Let me try... 'Dan'.

(FX: THE DOCTOR STRETCHES OVER HOPKINS).

HOPKINS:

(SQUEEZES BACK INTO HIS SEAT) I prefer 'Daniel', really.

(FX: INTERCOM BUZZ!)

SAMUEL:

(OVER INTERCOM) Yes?!

DOCTOR:

(STRETCHING, INTO INTERCOM) Yes, good afternoon! My name's the Doctor! I believe you just spoke with a colleague of mine?

SAMUEL:

(OVER INTERCOM) Sorry. Like I said, we're not - [here to give directions]

DOCTOR:

(OVER HER, SLOW) We know all about the aliens!

(FX: LONG BEAT. INTERCOM STATIC.)

DOCTOR:

(INTO INTERCOM) I thought that might get your attention. So, can we come in or can't we...?

SAMUEL:

(OVER INTERCOM) One moment, I just have to check something...

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, we're not going anywhere!

(LONG BEAT)

HOPKINS:

(TO DOCTOR) Do you really think this will work?

DOCTOR:

It can't do any harm...

(FX: INTERCOM BUZZ! THE GATES START TO GROAN OPEN.)

HOPKINS:

I... I don't believe it. They're opening the gates!

DOCTOR:

What did I tell you? The truth wins out.

(FX: CUT TO OUTSIDE AS THE JEEP STARTS DOWN THE DRIVEWAY.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 34. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - OPERATING THEATRE.

(FX: AS BEFORE. HARRISON AND MORRIS STANDING AT THE OPERATING TABLE. ECG MACHINES, ETC, MONITOR THE PATIENT.)

(NOTE: HARRISON AND MORRIS BOTH WEAR MASKS, SO VOICES SLIGHTLY MUFFLED THROUGHOUT.)

HARRISON:

Now, then, judging from the thickness of its hide, I suspect this may prove tricky. Suggest incision points here, here and here to begin -

(FX: THE DOOR SLAMS OPEN AS MORDEN STRIDES IN.)

HARRISON:

(SHARP) Do you mind? This is supposed to be a sterile area! If you want to observe, you know where the gallery is -

MORDEN:

They've found us.

HARRISON:

What? Who's found us?

MORDEN:

I don't know. Just somebody at the gates. Samuel just called through. Says they rang the bell, spouted some drivel about wanting directions, then told him they know all about the aliens.

HARRISON:

(TO MORRIS) Seems someone didn't cover their tracks.

MORRIS:

Don't look at me. Both of us kept an eye out. No one followed us!

MORDEN:

That doesn't matter! The point is, someone knows. (DEEP BREATH)
So what do I do?

MORRIS:

It's your clinic - why are you asking us?!

HARRISON:

(CONSIDERS) How many of them are there?

MORDEN:

Just two, I think. They're coming up the driveway now.

MORRIS:

Why?

MORDEN:

Would you rather I let them go so they can come back with others?

HARRISON:

Hmmm, fair point. (CONSIDERS) In which case, keep them busy. Deny everything. (BEAT) If they've come here looking for aliens, Morris and I will just have to work a little faster to dispose of the evidence..

(FX: THE MONITORS QUICKEN JUST SLIGHTLY.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 35. EXT. WOODLAND PERIMETER.

(FX: A HELICOPTER SWOOPS OVERHEAD. CAR HORNS.)

WILDTRACK LOCALS:

You've got no right to do this!

I've got a business to run.

What do you think you're playing at? Toy soldiers?!

Not even the proper army!

How much longer is this gonna last, huh?!

PRICE:

(OVER RADIO) -reinforcements are on their way. Over and out.

WALSH:

Understood. (OVER NOISE) Please, if you could all just follow the diversion signs. This is a military operation. You'll have to go round..

(FX: FADE AWAY AND FOLLOW THE HELICOPTER OVER THE WOODLAND.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 36. NT. MOBILE SIGNALS ROOM.

(FX: AS BEFORE. PRICE ENTERS.)

PRICE:

Any word from Hopkins?

MAXWELL:

Not yet, sir. It appears we've lost their signal. But we have had confirmation from Central Headquarters: reinforcements are on their way.

(FX: FADE UP THE APPROACHING HELICOPTER FROM OUTSIDE.)

PRICE:

Yes. I think I hear them. (BEAT) Keep monitoring!

(FX: PRICE EXITS.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 37. EXT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - DRIVEWAY.

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND HOPKINS GET OUT OF THE JEEP INTO THE LIGHT RAIN. CRUNCH OF GRAVEL.)

HOPKINS:

(WHISTLES) Nice place.

(FX: THE MAIN DOORS OPEN AND MORDEN BUSTLES OUT.)

MORDEN:

Gentlemen! Sorry to keep you - and in this, of all weather. I understand you wanted directions?

DOCTOR:

Oh, I think you understand a great deal more than that, Ms...?

MORDEN:

Morden. Ms Annabel Morden. This is my clinic.

DOCTOR:

We gathered.

MORDEN:

We offer all manner of exclusive health treatments, whether you want to better yourself or relax, all on site in these beautiful grounds. Unfortunately we're currently closed for renovations. The property is, as you can see -

DOCTOR:

(LEAPING IN) Very beautiful indeed.

HOPKINS:

Let's not beat about the bush here. You heard what we said outside, about the aliens.

MORDEN:

I'm not sure I really follow. That intercom, it doesn't have the best microphone. As a result, messages get scrambled, our receptionist gets confused - not the brightest thing, he's just filling in. Sometimes it's hard to - [make out what people say]

(FX: UNDER THIS, HOPKINS DIGS OUT HIS PASS.)

HOPKINS:

See this badge? My name's Lieutenant Hopkins, I'm UNIT's Acting Medical Officer.

MORDEN:

A doctor?

HOPKINS:

Like my colleague here.

DOCTOR:

Just "the Doctor", Ms Morden. I'm not a medico, though.

MORDEN:

And what exactly is "UNIT"?

HOPKINS:

We're a specialist taskforce that deals with extraterrestrial intervention. And we think you might be able to help us.

DOCTOR:

Actually, we're fairly certain you can help us, so if you don't mind - (BEAT) ah.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS AS GUARDS APPROACH.)

DOCTOR:

Armed guards, should have expected that.

MORDEN:

Private security. As I said, we're an exclusive clinic. If you persist, I'll have no choice but to have you escorted off my property.

HOPKINS:

And as I said, I'm with UNIT..

(FX: HOPKINS UNHOLSTERS HIS GUN.)

HOPKINS:

So call your men off now!

MORDEN:

You can't shoot me! This is private property!

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) She's right, you know.

HOPKINS:

(TO DOCTOR) Shhh! Whose side are you on, anyway?

DOCTOR:

I don't take sides, where possible. But really, she's right - you can't shoot anyone. I removed the bullets from the chamber while you were driving.

HOPKINS:

What?!

DOCTOR:

I know - I was surprised to get away with it too. Still, eyes on the road at all times - that's excellent practice!

HOPKINS:

I don't believe this...! So what are we meant to do now?

DOCTOR:

Traditionally, we raise our hands in the air and surrender. (LOUDER, TO MORDEN) I'm with UNIT too, by the way. I'm also an alien. Thought I might drop by as you're so 'exclusive'.

MORDEN:

What do you mean, 'alien'?

DOCTOR:

I mean I'm not human. I'm a Time Lord from the planet Gallifrey, and I really would quite like to know what's going on here. (BEAT) Who knows, I might even be able to help you?

HOPKINS:

(ASIDE) Doctor, what are you doing?!

DOCTOR:

(TO HOPKINS) I'm not entirely sure yet.

MORDEN:

Guards... lower your weapons.

(FX: THE GUARDS DO SO.)

MORDEN:

(GENTLER) You really think you can help me?

DOCTOR:

I can't do any harm, let's put it that way.

MORDEN:

Then follow me. Inside.

HOPKINS:

Both of us?

MORDEN:

And my guards here. Don't worry, I'll be perfectly safe... Come along!

(FX: MORDEN GOES INSIDE, FOLLOWED BY THE DOCTOR, HOPKINS AND GUARDS. THE DOORS CLOSE BEHIND THEM.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 38. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - FOYER.

(FX: THE FIVE WALK THROUGH. MARBLE FLOOR, PERHAPS A SMALL WATER FEATURE IN ONE CORNER. SAMUEL SCURRIES UP.)

SAMUEL:

Ms. Morden! Is everything okay? Would you like me to call someone?

MORDEN:

It's fine, Samuel. I'm taking our guests downstairs.

SAMUEL:

But - [what about]

MORDEN:

(OVER HIM) It's fine!

(FX: THEY STOP WALKING AND REACH A LIFT. MORDEN PRESSES A BUTTON, AND WE HEAR THE CARRIAGE RISING.)

MORDEN:

Anyway, Doctor, if what you say is true, and you really are an alien -

DOCTOR:

I am.

MORDEN:

- there's someone you ought to meet.

HOPKINS:

Oh, and who might that be?

MORDEN:

My associate: Dr. Harrison. (STAGE WHISPER) She's a bit of an expert when it comes to 'your sort'.

DOCTOR:

Is she now, how fascinating? Did you hear that, Lieutenant?

HOPKINS:

(DISTRACTED) What? Oh, yeah. Fascinating.

(FX: THE LIFT ARRIVES. PING!)

FACILITY VOICE:

Doors opening.

(FX: THE DOCTOR, HOPKINS AND MORDEN STEP INSIDE, FOLLOWED BY THE GUARDS. EFFORT FROM ALL.)

HOPKINS:

Bit of a squeeze.

MORDEN:

I should probably warn you now... some of the things you're about to see... they may shock you.

DOCTOR:

I wouldn't have it any other way.

FACILITY VOICE:

Doors closing. Going down.

(FX: THE DOORS CLOSE, AND THE CARRIAGE DESCENDS.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 39. EXT. UNIT MOBILE HQ.

(FX: STILL RAINING, BUSTLE OF ACTIVITY AS REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE. TROOPS MOVING THROUGH WOODLAND.)

(FX: DOOR TO MOBILE HQ OPENS. MAXWELL COMES RUSHING OUT.)

MAXWELL:

(APPROACHING) Sir! (BEAT, CLOSER) Colonel Price!

PRICE:

Yes, Maxwell, what is it?

MAXWELL:

It's Greyhound Five, sir. We've just picked up a communication.

PRICE:

Oh? And what does Hopkins have to say for himself?

MAXWELL:

That's just it, sir. He doesn't say anything. It's a simple repeated signal, sent through on his frequency. I think he wants to let us know where he is...

PRICE:

But he can't tell us directly, which means he's in trouble. Seems I was right to request reinforcements.

MAXWELL:

I have the signal coordinates here...

(FX: MAXWELL HANDS PRICE A SHEET OF PAPER.)

PRICE:

Thank you, Maxwell.

(FX: PRICE MARCHES INTO THE HUBBUB.)

PRICE:

(COMMANDING) Alright, you men, listen up! We've just received a report on Greyhound Five's whereabouts... we have a situation!

CUT TO:

SCENE 40. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - OPERATING THEATRE.

(FX: AS BEFORE. HARRISON AND MORRIS STAND OVER THE HELLIAX. DOOR OPENS, AND MORDEN ENTERS WITH THE DOCTOR AND HOPKINS. HARRISON DOWNS TOOLS.)

MORDEN:

(GRAND) And here we are!

HARRISON:

(MUFFLED) What's the meaning of this?!

DOCTOR:

I could ask you very same question. What's going on here?

(FX: HARRISON REMOVES HER MASK.)

HARRISON:

(OUTRAGED, TO MORDEN) I thought we agreed you'd keep them busy, not show them everything! This is a shambles!

HOPKINS:

(UNNERVED) Doctor, what's going on here?

HARRISON:

I don't have to tell you anything!

DOCTOR:

He wasn't talking to you. (HARD) I'm the Doctor. And this is my friend Daniel, also a doctor... We're with a top-secret government agency, specialising in the extraterrestrial... I'm told you're an expert in 'this sort of thing'?

HARRISON:

Yes.

DOCTOR:

(APPALLED) Really? Because from where I'm standing, it looks very much like you're slicing up an alien being. (TO MORDEN) I thought you said you didn't do any harm here?

MORDEN:

We don't, it's just - [we need more information]

HARRISON:

(FIRM, OVER HER) None of their business! And we're not 'slicing it up', as you put it. It's in a stable condition - a condition we're keen to maintain. We're simply trying to learn as much as we can while it's unconscious. Running a few routine tests so we can keep it alive for as long as possible.

HOPKINS:

That creature's spaceship crashed here. For all you know, it could be injured -

HARRISON:

And how can we know that until we check?

DOCTOR:

You could always ask it. That usually works quite well in my experience.

HARRISON:

(SCOFFS) In your experience?! (BEAT) Who are these people, Annabel? Why are they bothering us?

HOPKINS:

We're 'bothering' you because the Doctor and I picked up signals that led us to this place.

MORDEN:

Just the two of you?

HOPKINS:

Yes, in his TAR- (BREAKS OFF)

OVER HIM.

MORDEN:

In his what...?

HOPKINS:

(FEEBLY) ... car. In his... car.

MORDEN:

Whatever. (CASUALLY) But it was just the two of you, that's the important thing.

HARRISON:

The important thing is that I'm allowed to proceed with my work in peace! So would you all please leave! That goes for you too, Annabel!

MORDEN:

You don't understand, Jennifer. The Doctor here is an alien. Or so he claims.

HARRISON:

(STUDIES HIM) He doesn't look like one.

DOCTOR:

Appearances can be deceptive.

HARRISON:

What kind of alien?

DOCTOR:

A Time Lord, if you must know.

HARRISON:

(SMIRK) A 'Time Lord'? We've not had one of those before.

(STERN) Guards – strap him down.

(FX: THE GUARDS MANHANDLE THE DOCTOR. HOPKINS STEPS IN.)

DOCTOR:

(STRAPPED TO TABLE) What?! No, let go of me!

HOPKINS:

What are you doing?!

MORDEN:

Dr Harrison will need to take samples, I imagine. Blood. Tissue.

DOCTOR:

What sort of 'tissue'?

MORDEN:

I don't know. Maybe a finger or two?

DOCTOR:

What?!

HOPKINS:

There's no need. Take my word for it: I'm a doctor, I examined him earlier. Body temperature thirty-one degrees. Double hearts-beat indicating a binary cardiovascular system. He's not human, it's true!

MORDEN:

Thank you again, Lieutenant. You seem intent on saving us trouble.

HOPKINS:

That's alright. – What do you mean, "again"?

MORDEN:

Well, after you freely volunteered the fact that you and this Doctor came here alone.

HOPKINS:

I –

DOCTOR:

I did try to stop you, Daniel.

MORDEN:

So there's no reason why we shouldn't shoot you in the head, and place your remains in the incinerator – is there?

HOPKINS:

I suppose not. Oh hell.

HARRISON:

What about this Doctor?

MORDEN:

I think we can take the Lieutenant at his word. Which means, if you like, you can skip the boring blood tests – and go straight to the vivisection.

DOCTOR:

Please, you can't do this!

MORDEN:

You men – take the Lieutenant away!

DOCTOR:

Please...!!!

CLOSING THEME – END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE

HARRISON:

What about this Doctor?

MORDEN:

I think we can take the Lieutenant at his word. Which means, if you like, you can skip the boring blood tests – and go straight to the vivisection.

DOCTOR:

Please, you can't do this!

MORDEN:

You men – take the Lieutenant away!

DOCTOR:

Please...!!!

CUT TO:

41. EXT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - ENTRANCE.

(FX: RAINING MORE HEAVILY NOW. SEVERAL UNIT VEHICLES PULL UP.)

PRICE:

(FX: LEAPING OUT) Okay, men, fan out! We need to get in there!

(FX: INTERCOM BUZZER!)

SAMUEL (D):

Who is it?

PRICE:

This is Lieutenant-Colonel of UNIT. Some of your staff may have noticed the road blocks we've established?

SAMUEL (D):

Oh, that's you, is it? Yeah, we've noticed. Load of us can't get through.

PRICE:

Never mind that now. We have more important issues to deal with. For your own safety, we need access to your facility. Please can you grant us admittance?

(FX: STATIC. NO REPLY. INTERCOM BUZZ!)

PRICE:

Did you hear me? I said: I need you to let us in.

(LONG BEAT)

SAMUEL (D):

I'm afraid I can't help you. Please, keep off our property. That's an official warning.

(FX: INTERCOM OFF.)

PRICE:

(TO SELF) Not suspicious at all! (COMMANDING) Alright, you lot, I want the perimeter secured and all potential exits guarded. Nobody is to leave this place, you understand?

WILDTRACK SOLDIERS:

Sir!

PRICE:

You three: work on getting these gates open! Use brute force if you have to. We've got to get inside there - fast.

(FX: THUNDERCLAP.)

CUT TO:

42. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - OPERATING THEATRE.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

HOPKINS:

You can't do this! I'm telling you...! UNIT will find you!

HARRISON:

(SCOFFS) What is this 'UNIT'?

HOPKINS:

UNIT has files detailing all extraterrestrial activity on this planet.

MORDEN:

Oh, really? And yet you didn't know about us.

DOCTOR:

True, but believe me: UNIT is not an organisation to be trifled with, Ms Morden.

MORDEN:

We're hardly amateurs ourselves. Believe me, Doctor: we know exactly what we're doing.

DOCTOR:

Please. I came here to help, I still can...

MORDEN:

You can indeed. From the dissecting table. Jennifer?

HARRISON:

If you're sure about this, [Annabel -]

(FX: AN ALARM TRILLS ALL AROUND.)

HOPKINS:

What's that?

MORDEN:

(ON EDGE) Security breach!

(FX: AN INTERNAL PHONE RINGS. MORDEN HURRIES OVER, PICKS IT UP.)

MORDEN:

(ANSWERING) Yes, Samuel? (BEAT) No, it's me. What's going on up there. (LONG BEAT, AWKWARD) I see...

(FX: MORDEN HANGS UP.)

HARRISON:

Well?!

MORDEN:

(UTTERLY THROWN) Some soldiers... er... they've broken through the gates. (BEAT) Lots of them.

HOPKINS:

I told you UNIT would find you!

CUT TO:

43. EXT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - DRIVEWAY.

(FX: RAIN. A COUPLE OF VEHICLES SCREECH TO A HALT ON THE GRAVEL. OTHER SOLDIERS COME RUNNING UP. DOORS SLAM. TROOPS SCRAMBLE.)

PRICE:

(COMMANDING, ON THE MOVE) Alright, men. No one is to leave this building without my say so. Remember: we don't know what the situation is, there are likely hostiles, so remain on guard at all times... Now move it and break that door down!

WILDTRACK SOLDIERS:

Sir! (SCRAMBLING OFF, HEFTS OF BATTERING RAM IN UNISON)

(FX: GRUNTS AS THEY SLAM A BATTERING RAM INTO THE DOORS.)

(FX: MAXWELL COMES RUNNING UP.)

MAXWELL:

Colonel Price...! Sir!

PRICE:

Yes, Maxwell, what is it?

MAXWELL:

Those signals we were picking up earlier, when we experienced that energy boost -

PRICE:

What about them?

MAXWELL:

Whatever they are, we've started registering them again. They're in close proximity. (BEAT) I think there's more going on here than just a simple UFO crash.

PRICE:

Noted. Keep me informed.

(FX: WITH A SMASH, THE DOOR IS BATTERED OPEN.)

UNIT SOLDIER:

(CALLING, CATCHES BREATH) Sir, we're in!

PRICE:

Then what are you waiting for?! Come on, you lot, move it!

(FX: TROOPS SCRAMBLE INSIDE.)

CUT TO:

44. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - FOYER.

(FX: AS BEFORE. TROOPS POUR IN.)

PRICE:

Hands in the air!

SAMUEL:

(SUDDEN PANIC) No but, wait - you can't barge in here!

PRICE:

I said: hands in the air!

SAMUEL:

(WHIMPERS AS HE DOES SO)

PRICE:

What's your name?

SAMUEL:

Samuel. Samuel Calland.

PRICE:

Alright, Samuel Calland. I suggest you start talking!

CUT TO:

45. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - OPERATING THEATRE.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

HARRISON:

What I want to know is how the hell they found us? After all this time?

HOPKINS:

That would be me, I'm afraid.

MORDEN:

(DISBELIEF) You?

HOPKINS:

Yes. Gah. (STRUGGLES IN GUARDS' GRIP, RECOVERS) I'm UNIT. We don't just walk into situations blind. So back upstairs, I sent through a coded transmission using my radio.

MORDEN:

Your radio?!

HOPKINS:

Yeah. Your idiot guards took my pistol, but nothing else.

DOCTOR:

Morse code has a lot to answer for. Good work, Daniel!

HARRISON:

'Good work' - how can you say that? You're threatening all we've done here.

HOPKINS:

That's our job. It's what we do.

CUT TO:

46. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - CORRIDOR.

(FX: LOTS OF SOLDIERS RUNNING DOWN A STAIRCASE, THEN ALONG A CORRIDOR.)

PRICE:

(BREATHLESS) This way! Move it, move it!

(FX: THEY RUN ON.)

CUT TO:

47. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - OPERATING THEATRE.

(FX: AS BEFORE. FOOTSTEPS APPROACH FROM OUTSIDE.)

MORDEN:

This may not be the end, Jennifer.

HARRISON:

You think?!

MORDEN:

Once we've explained everything, [I mean -]

HOPKINS:

Oh, it's the end alright!

(FX: THE DOORS SLAM OPEN. PRICE AND HIS MEN STORM IN.)

PRICE:

(LOUD) Everybody, stay exactly where you are. Put your hands in the air! This facility is now under UNIT control.

HARRISON:

And who are you exactly?

PRICE:

First things first. (TO GUARDS) You two, release my medical officer and get your hands in the air.

HARRISON:

No, wait -

MORDEN:

Force majeure, Jennifer. You men: let him go.

(FX: THE GUARDS RELEASE HOPKINS.)

HOPKINS:

(RELEASED, SHAKES THEM OFF) You heard what the man said: hands in the air!

WILDTRACK GUARDS:

(SIGH AS THEY DO SO)

DOCTOR:

(STILL STRAPPED) Er, if someone wouldn't mind releasing me...?

PRICE:

Hopkins: release the Doctor. Everyone else: don't move. My men have authorisation to shoot.

(FX: HOPKINS UNSTRAPS THE DOCTOR, HELPS HIM UP.)

HOPKINS:

There we are now... That's it, nice and easy. (CHECKING HIM OVER)
Are you okay?

DOCTOR:

I am now, yes. (BEAT) Thank you.

HARRISON:

Are you going to tell us who you are yet?

PRICE:

I'm Lieutenant-Colonel Price. We'll find out who you all are in due course, but first - what's going on here?! (BEAT, DISDAIN)
That thing, on the bench...?

HARRISON:

What about it?

PRICE:

(WARY) What is it? (NO REPLY) Doctor...?

DOCTOR:

Can't say I've ever met its kind before.

PRICE:

Is it dead?

MORDEN:

(HELPFUL, PLEADING HER CASE) No, it's very much alive... and in a stable condition. We're not murderers, or sadists. (FIRM) We've not done anyone any harm.

DOCTOR:

I beg to differ.

PRICE:

We'll get to the truth of things, Doctor, don't worry.

(FX: CRACKLE OF RADIO.)

PRICE:

(INTO RADIO) Greyhound Leader to all units. This is a priority update. All non-UNIT personnel are to be arrested and detained. Extraterrestrial specimens have been found on site. Remain on full alert. [I repeat: remain on full alert! Over and out.]

CUT TO:

48. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC. FOYER.

(FX: SOLDIERS LISTEN TO PRICE'S INSTRUCTIONS.)

PRICE:

(OVER RADIO) I repeat: remain on full alert! Over and out.

(FX: RADIO CRACKLE. OFF.)

WALSH:

Right, you lot all heard him! Sweep the area!

SOLDIERS WILDTRACK:

Sir!

(FX: SOLDIERS DISBAND, RUN OFF.)

CUT TO:

49. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - TREATMENT ROOMS.

(FX: ELSEWHERE IN THE FACILITY, SOLDIERS COME RUNNING THROUGH. ONE KICKS OPEN A DOOR, A BEAT AS THEY STORM IN.)

SOLDIER 1:

(CALLING OUT) Nothing in here!

(FX: FURTHER DOWN, ANOTHER DOOR KICKED IN. SAME CHECK.)

SOLDIER 2:

(CALLING BACK) We're clear here too!

WALSH:

Keep on searching!

(FX: THEY MOVE ON.)

CUT TO:

50. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - OPERATING THEATRE.

(FX: HANDCUFFS ARE LOCKED ONTO MORDEN AND HARRISON.)

HARRISON:

(RESISTING) You can't do this, you know!

MORDEN:

Jennifer: they can.

HARRISON:

We still have rights!

PRICE:

As of this moment, your rights are forfeit until we can determine what's gone on here. (TO SOLDIERS) You men, take them upstairs. See if you can find a couple of offices, put a guard on each. I'll be with you shortly!

SOLDIER 2:

Sir.

(FX: RELUCTANTLY, HARRISON AND MORDEN ARE USHERED OUTSIDE. PRICE CROSSES OVER TO THE DOCTOR AND HOPKINS.)

PRICE:

(TO DOCTOR AND HOPKINS) So, you two! What have we here?

HOPKINS:

(BIT OVERWHELMED) It's an alien.

PRICE:

I can see that. (BEAT) Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Their biology would certainly appear not too dissimilar to you humans... but you know what they say about books and covers. I'd need a little bit more to go on...

PRICE:

That woman, she said it was stable.

DOCTOR:

So she did - and yes. It would appear to be unconscious for now. Some kind of self-imposed suspended animation...?

PRICE:

You think it did this to itself?

DOCTOR:

It's not impossible. After all, if it knew its ship was about to crash, this could be a very good means of protection... like bracing yourself on a plane.

HOPKINS:

And what about all those signals you picked up?

PRICE:

Signals?

DOCTOR:

We detected a few... abnormalities.

HOPKINS:

Hundreds, all coming from here.

PRICE:

(CAUGHT THE DOCTOR OUT) A 'few'?

DOCTOR:

Well, maybe slightly more than a few.

HOPKINS:

Yeah. So what happened to them?

DOCTOR:

What indeed...?

PRICE:

That's what we're here to find out. (ASIDE) Doctor, if you wouldn't mind, I could use your expertise.

DOCTOR:

(SURPRISE) You could?

PRICE:

Much as I hate to admit it, yes. (BEAT) Hopkins, you stay here and keep an eye on that... thing. Try not to let it die.

HOPKINS:

Business as usual then?

PRICE:

(ALREADY MOVING OFF) Doctor, with me! I have questions, and I want answers...

(FX: PRICE AND THE DOCTOR LEAVE.)

FADE TO SILENCE

51. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - HARRISON'S OFFICE.

(FX: START AS TAPE RECORDING, SLOWLY FADING TO THE SCENE. PLUSH SURROUNDINGS. A CLOCK TICKS.)

DOCTOR:

[How about if we try] - this. Ah, that's where I was going wrong! You press play and record together. (CLEARS THROAT, AWKWARD) Now then... my name's the Doctor, scientific adviser no less, and the time is... oh, erm... nineteen-eighty-something, just around supper time. I'm here interviewing - sorry, I didn't catch your name properly?

HARRISON:

Jennifer Harrison.

DOCTOR:

I'm here interviewing Dr. Jennifer Harrison, and - [we're going to be talking about]

HARRISON:

(OVER THIS) Where's Annabel?

DOCTOR:

You mean Ms. Morden?

HARRISON:

(WEARY SIGH)

DOCTOR:

For the benefit of the tape, Dr. Harrison just rolled her eyes at me, which I can only presume means 'yes'. (TO MORDEN) She's with the Colonel, just a few doors along. Don't worry, she's perfectly safe! Which is more than I could say for our friend back there. (BEAT) Why are you slicing up aliens in your cellar?

HARRISON:

You wouldn't understand...

DOCTOR:

Wouldn't I...? (CURIOUS) Enlighten me...

CUT TO:

52. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - MORDEN'S OFFICE.

(FX: A NOT DISSIMILAR ROOM, BUT NO CLOCK. RAIN PATTERS AGAINST A WINDOW.)

PRICE:

A colleague sent through some files. This place was a regular health spa until you and an investor took it over a couple of years ago. Dr. Harrison and her team joined your staff about sixteen months ago. (MUSES) Unusual recruitment: a surgical team for a health spa. What do they do here?

MORDEN:

Why don't you ask Dr. Harrison?

PRICE:

I'm asking you. (BEAT) What's going on here?

MORDEN:

You seem to have all the answers: what does it look like?

PRICE:

I wouldn't like to say. Not on record. It might not do either of you any favours.

MORDEN:

You can't arrest us, we've done nothing wrong. You could have saved us all time and interviewed us both together. You're just creating more work for yourselves...

PRICE:

Alternatively, we're making sure your stories correspond. No chance to agree a cover story?

MORDEN:

You think we'd lie?!

PRICE:

Oh, I absolutely know you would. After all, that's all that this place is: one big, misguided lie. Now tell me - and make it the truth. What are you doing here?

CUT TO:

53. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - HARRISON'S OFFICE.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

DOCTOR:

It looks to me like you're studying aliens..

HARRISON:

Obviously.

DOCTOR:

And why might that be?

(FX: HARRISON SHIFTS AWKWARDLY IN HER SEAT. A BEAT. NO REPLY.)

DOCTOR:

Alright, let's try a different tack. I'll give you the benefit of the doubt, and assume you're studying them for good reason... but this set-up, the clinic, all of it...? (BEAT) How did you get involved?

CUT TO:

54. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - MORDEN'S OFFICE.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

MORDEN:

She brought the expertise, I brought the money. It was easy enough to get some backers on board. Frighteningly easy, in fact. Obviously it didn't all happen overnight, but still -

PRICE:

Yes, I get the idea. My question is why: what do you stand to gain from all this...?

CUT TO:

55. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - HARRISON'S OFFICE.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

HARRISON:

Why do you study anything? To advance one's knowledge.

DOCTOR:

That can't be the only reason.

HARRISON:

It's the most honest reason. The money wasn't bad either.

(BEAT) But no, we do good things here. Things that make life better.

DOCTOR:

How, exactly?

HARRISON:

Can't you guess? I mean, you are one of them!

(THE DOCTOR DOESN'T RISE TO IT)

HARRISON:

These aliens are a reflection on ourselves. So many differences, but so much in common too. By studying that, by comparing them to each other and ourselves, we can make advances in human science.

DOCTOR:

And that's what you think you're doing downstairs?

HARRISON:

That's where we start. And we've already learned so much. We've made breakthroughs down there, Doctor. Medical advances that people are benefitting from, even now!

DOCTOR:

(SCOFFS) I very much doubt that!

HARRISON:

Don't be like that, we do! That lot out there - they deal with threats to humans, as do we. The difference is, where they would have these aliens killed, we choose to learn from them. And in doing so, we're making lives better. (BEAT) Is that really so objectionable...?

DOCTOR:

But why aliens? Why not something...

HARRISON:

More conventional?

DOCTOR:

Yes.

HARRISON:

Honestly? (CONSIDERS, SIGHS) You'd have to ask Annabel.

CUT TO:

56. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - MORDEN'S OFFICE.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

PRICE:

(GETTING NOWHERE, SIGHS)

(FX: PRICE FLICKS THE TAPE RECORDER OFF.)

MORDEN:

(WARY) What are you doing?

PRICE:

Going 'off the record'.

MORDEN:

What do you - [mean]

PRICE:

There's something you're not telling me. Something you don't want to tell me. Hence 'off the record'. (BEAT, HARDER) So tell me.

MORDEN:

I can't. Really -

PRICE:

How many aliens do you have here, Ms Morden? Because you've clearly been doing this a while... and my team have already detected hundreds of life signs coming from this location. So - where are they all?

(BEAT)

MORDEN:

(RELUCTANT, BUT RELIEVED) They're being looked after. That's what we do here. We learn what we can from them, but we also take care of them.

PRICE:

'Take care'?

MORDEN:

Many struggle with Earth's atmosphere. Here, we allow them to.. recuperate.

PRICE:

But they can't just all swing by here voluntarily... unless...?
(REALISES) That signal we picked up. It wasn't an
extraterrestrial distress call at all, was it? It was this
place. You. Drawing them here. (ANGRIER) You've been luring
aliens here, all this time?!

MORDEN:

(MATCHING HIS ANGER) Only because there was no other way of
finding them! (CALMS) No other way... (MORE URGENT) But we can't
leave them alone down there!

PRICE:

They're not on their own, don't worry. We have people looking
after them.

MORDEN:

(SIGHS, UNCONVINCED)

CUT TO:

57. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - OPERATING THEATRE.

(FX: AS BEFORE. JUST HOPKINS AND THE HELLIAX. HOPKINS FLICKS THROUGH NOTES.)

HOPKINS:

(GENTLE, MONITORING) Hmm, your vitals seem to be normal enough, from what I can tell. Gotta admit though, you're not my average kind of patient. (SOFTER, AWED) Just look at you.

HELLIAX:

(LARGER BREATH, NOT A GASP)

(FX: THE MONITORS ADJUST - LESS REGULAR, SLOWLY INCREASING IN ACTIVITY, AS THOUGH WAKING UP.)

HOPKINS:

(IN STRIDE) Interesting. Slight drop in blood pressure... Heart rate increasing. (CHECKS, BIT MORE ALARMED) Body temperature's on the rise too!

HELLIAX:

(BIG INTAKE OF BREATH, INDULGENT)

HOPKINS:

(TO SELF) Oh no. I think it's waking up...!

(FX: THE MONITORS INCREASE, CONFIRMING THE DIAGNOSIS.)

CUT TO:

58. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - MORDEN'S OFFICE.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

PRICE:

(COAXING) So, come on. Spit it out. What exactly have you been looking for here? What's all this been for?

MORDEN:

(HESITATES, JUST ABOUT TO ANSWER WHEN...)

(FX: THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, THE DOCTOR ENTERS.)

PRICE:

(WEARY) Doctor. Haven't you heard of knocking?

DOCTOR:

I prefer not to get hung up on rules and regulations. Speaking of which: you're not recording. (TUTS) I'm not sure that's entirely proper, Colonel...

MORDEN:

It isn't.

PRICE:

Have you learned anything?

DOCTOR:

Nothing I didn't know already, sadly. That distress call, for instance?

PRICE:

Faked to lure spaceships here. Yes, we know that.

DOCTOR:

Ah, but did you know that spaceship crash was faked?

(BEAT)

MORDEN:

(GENUINE SURPRISE) What?!

PRICE:

(CONFUSED) The Harrison woman told you that?!

DOCTOR:

Not at all. I worked it all out for myself.

PRICE:

So, wait - that thing downstairs? It isn't an alien?

DOCTOR:

Oh no, that's all real enough. The alien, the spaceship. It's the crash itself that's a hoax.

MORDEN:

(QUIET) Oh no.

PRICE:

How can you be so sure?

DOCTOR:

Because I've been there, in the shuttle. There was no damage at all, no sign of any injury. In fact, whatever faked it even had time to plant a diversion on a passing collie, drawing our attention away... and allowing itself to get caught.

PRICE:

But why - why would it do that?

DOCTOR:

Isn't it obvious?

MORDEN:

(PENNY DROPPING) Whatever landed here knew what they'd be letting themselves in for. They wanted to be brought to this facility!

CUT TO:

59. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - OPERATING THEATRE.

(FX: AS BEFORE. MONITORS GOING WILD.)

HELLIAX:

(BREATHING MORE ENERGETIC NOW)

HOPKINS:

(KEEPING COOL) Just try to stay calm, alright? I don't know if you can understand me, but we mean you no harm. You're safe.

HELLIAX:

(GRUNTS)

(FX: WITH A LURCH, THE HELLIAX SNAPS ITS STRAPS AND SITS UPRIGHT, KNOCKING A TRAY OF EQUIPMENT TO THE FLOOR. HOPKINS STEPS BACK.)

HOPKINS:

I wouldn't try to move. You've been unconscious quite some time. (NEW TACK) My name's Dan, by the way. Daniel Hopkins. I'm a friend. You understand? (MORE SLOWLY) Friend...?

(LONG BEAT - THE HELLIAX CATCHES ITS BREATH)

HELLIAX:

(CATCHING BREATH) Where... am I?

HOPKINS:

You understand me? You can talk!

HELLIAX:

What have you done to me?

(FX: MORE AGGRESSIVELY, THE HELLIAX CLAMBERS OFF THE TABLE. CLAMMY FEET SLAPPING ON THE FLOOR AS IT ADVANCES.)

HOPKINS:

I'm warning you, please, stay back.

HELLIAX:

You... will answer me!

(FX: HOPKINS PULLS OUT HIS RADIO. CRACKLE ON.)

HOPKINS:

(INTO RADIO) Greyhound Five to Trap Three. The patient's awake and asking questions. Request immediate backup. [Please confirm. Over]

CUT TO:

60. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - MORDEN'S OFFICE.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

HOPKINS:

(OVER RADIO) *Please confirm. Over.*

PRICE:

(INTO RADIO) Message received and understood. We're on our way. Over and out.

(FX: CRACKLE OFF. PRICE STORMS TO THE DOOR, OPENS IT.)

DOCTOR:

Where are you going now?!

PRICE:

Where do you think?

HARD CUT TO:

61. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - CORRIDOR. CONTINUOUS.

(FX: PRICE STORMS OUT.)

PRICE:

(TO SOLDIERS) You men, with me, at the double!

WILDTRACK SOLDIERS:

Yes, sir!

(FX: PRICE AND THE SOLDIERS RUN OFF.)

CUT TO:

62. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - MORDEN'S OFFICE.

(FX: AS BEFORE. OUTSIDE, WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS THUNDERING AWAY.)

DOCTOR:

Come on, we should get after them!

MORDEN:

But - [what about]

DOCTOR:

(OVER, FIRM) Now is not the time for questions! And if you want to protect what's downstairs, we need to get down there. Come on!

(FX: MORDEN RISES FROM HER CHAIR. THEY DASH OUT.)

CUT TO:

63. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - OPERATING THEATRE.

(FX: AS BEFORE. HOPKINS STILL BACKING AWAY. HELLIAX BREATHING MENACINGLY AS IT ADVANCES.)

HOPKINS:

(PLACATING) If you can understand what I'm saying, then you know that backup is on its way.

HELLIAX:

Where is my kin?

HOPKINS:

I... I don't know. But I'm a doctor, I can help you! (BEAT, NEW TACK) Where do you come from..?

HELLIAX:

We are HelliAx.

HOPKINS:

(REPEATING, SLOW) 'HelliAx'...?

(FX: THE DOORS SLAM OPEN, PRICE ENTERS WITH SOLDIERS. GUNS COCKED.)

PRICE:

(BARKING, TO HELLIAX) Don't move!

HOPKINS:

Colonel, please, it isn't a threat. Not at the moment.

HELLIAX:

(ANGRIER) Where is my kin?!

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND MORDEN RUN IN.)

DOCTOR:

(BREATHLESS) Yes, I'd quite like an answer to that one!

PRICE:

Who gave you permission to leave the interrogation room? And bring her with you?

DOCTOR:

If you hadn't already noticed, Annabel here's the only person who knows for certain what's going on. I thought it might be - (TRAILS OFF) ah.

(FX: UNDER THIS, MORDEN'S TAKEN A FEW TENTATIVE STEPS FORWARD.)

MORDEN:

(SOFT) It's you, isn't it? It's actually you! (BEAT) I mean, I had always hoped it might be. But still...

PRICE:

Wait. You know that thing?!

HELLIAX:

(TO MORDEN) Where is our kin?

HOPKINS:

Ms. Morden, what's it talking about?

DOCTOR:

Oh, I'd have thought that was obvious, wouldn't you...? Why else would an alien travel all this way, get itself captured of its own free will?

PRICE:

I don't understand. Why would it do that?

DOCTOR:

Because of a child. Its child. (BEAT) Am I right?

(LONG BEAT)

MORDEN:

(CONFESSIONAL) Yes.

HELLIAX:

What have you done... with our son?

DOCTOR:

Annabel. I think it's time you told us everything.

MUSIC SEGUE

64. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - LOWER LEVELS.

(FX: A COLD, INDUSTRIAL SPACE. TECHNOLOGY Bleeps and chirrups softly in the background. A lift descends.)

FACILITY VOICE:

Security access granted. Doors opening...

(FX: A lift door opens, extra locks chunking. The doctor, Morden, Price, Hopkins and the Helliax step out.)

HELLIAX:

You - lead the way.

MORDEN:

Ah. Of course. (awkward) If you'd all care to, er, follow me...

(FX: they walk.)

PRICE:

(to doctor) Are you sure it's safe to bring that thing with us?

DOCTOR:

It's not posed much of a threat so far. Besides, seems a shame to have it come all this way for nothing.

HOPKINS:

I didn't realise we could go any lower. How far down are we?

MORDEN:

About twenty-five feet, on this level.

PRICE:

You mean there are more?

MORDEN:

Unfortunately. It didn't take long before we realised we'd need more space.

DOCTOR:

How do you mean...?

MORDEN:

You'll see.

(FX: Morden inputs a six-digit code, a security door hisses open.)

FACILITY VOICE:

Welcome: Morden, Annabel Felicity.

MORDEN:

This way..

CUT TO:

65. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - CELL LEVEL.

(FX: THE GROUP ENTER, NOW STEPPING ON METAL GANTRY. ALONG THE CORRIDOR ARE POD-LIKE CELLS. VARIOUS ALIENS HOWL AND MOAN ALONG THE CORRIDOR, SOME SLAMMING AGAINST THE GLASS, OTHERS CALLING FOR HELP. EXTRATERRESTRIAL SILENCE OF THE LAMBS.)

WILDTRACK ALIENS:

(VARIOUS NOISES, CRIES, PLEAS FOR HELP.)

HOPKINS:

(APPALLED) What the hell is this place? Some kind of prison?

DOCTOR:

More like a hospital. Only a hospital where the patients are confined against their will, and the doctors are utterly clueless.

PRICE:

There must be hundreds of them.

DOCTOR:

Three hundred and twenty-nine, according to the TARDIS scanners. (AS HE GOES ALONG) Barvan... Selachian... Mim... (GRIM) This can't be the only level like this.

HELLIAX:

Where is our son? (BEAT) He is what... I came here for.

PRICE:

Good luck finding him here, pal. Just look at this lot.

(FX: SUDDENLY, WITH A SNARL, AN ALIEN SMACKS INTO THE GLASS CLOSEST TO HIM.)

ALIEN:

(ROAR, GRUNT)

PRICE:

(RECOILS)

DOCTOR:

Adolescent Natralax. I wouldn't antagonise it if I were you.

PRICE:

I didn't. (MUTTERS) Blasted animals!

(FX: RADIO CRACKLE.)

PRICE:

(INTO RADIO) This is Greyhound Leader calling all units. Hostiles have now been located within the facility.

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) Hostiles?! Colonel Price, these creatures are victims!

PRICE:

Doctor, please. (INTO RADIO) Estimated count currently at three hundred plus. Require immediate lockdown. Request confirmation of this order. Over.

(FX: RADIO CRACKLE. AT BEAT.)

PRICE:

(INTO RADIO) Confirm. Are you receiving? Over.

(FX: RADIO CRACKLE. ANOTHER BEAT.)

HOPKINS:

(REALISING) We're too far down... they can't hear us.

PRICE:

(FRUSTRATED)

ADAM:

(OVER RADIO, FAINT, DISTORT) Father...?

(FX: RADIO OFF.)

ADAM:

(SLIGHT ECHO, TELEPATHIC) Father! Father, is that you...?

HOPKINS:

Can anyone else hear that?

HELLIAX:

I am here, our child!

DOCTOR:

Where is he, Annabel?

ADAM:

(MORE ALARMED, ECHO) Father!

MORDEN:

(SIGHS, NO CHOICE) Down here...

(FX: THEY MARCH OFF DOWN THE CORRIDOR.)

CUT TO:

66. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - ADAM'S CELL.

(FX: THE GROUP MOVE PAST VARIOUS TANKS TO THE END OF A GANTRY, EDGING CLOSER TO THE FINAL SPECIMEN. ADAM'S VOICE ECHOES, BECOMING MORE REAL - THOUGH BEHIND GLASS - AS THEY APPROACH.)

ADAM:

(ECHO, BECOMING CLEARER) Father, is that you...? (BEAT) It is, isn't it?! I knew you'd come back for me. (BEAT) Help me, please!

(FX: ADAM PRESSES UP AGAINST THE GLASS.)

HELLIAX:

Hush, my child. I am here!

PRICE:

But - no, wait, that can't be his - (TRAILS OFF) That boy doesn't look anything like it!

MORDEN:

It is his, I can assure you.

HOPKINS:

A younger specimen, maybe? Perhaps they don't develop their more alien features until they're older?

PRICE:

What?

DOCTOR:

'Where is our son?' That's what it asked her. (STUDYING) The boy looks different because he's an alien-human hybrid. One part HelliAx, the other part...

MORDEN:

Human... Me.

(BEAT AS THIS LANDS)

HOPKINS:

(STUNNED) You're its mother?

MORDEN:

Yes.

PRICE:

Disgusting.

HOPKINS:

(GETTING HIS HEAD AROUND) But how...?!

DOCTOR:

You're the medical man. I would have thought that was obvious.

MORDEN:

(OVERCOME, DEFENSIVE) It all happened a very long time ago...

FADE TO:

67. FLASHBACK/VOICEOVER.

(FX: WEDDING BELLS.)

MORDEN (VOICEOVER):

(REFLECTIVE) I married my childhood sweetheart, Jonathan, when we were both nineteen years old. We'd known each other for years. And, as far as we knew, we still had all our lives ahead of us. (SADDER) Until, a few months later, he was walking home when a car came up behind him...

(FX: RAINY NIGHT, TYRE SCREECH. THUMP.)

MORDEN (VOICEOVER):

They think it killed him almost instantly. Never found the driver. Ten thirty-two PM on the seventeenth of November. I'll never forget when I got the call...

(FX: ECHOES OF MORDEN BREAKING DOWN AND SOBBING QUIETLY.)

MORDEN:

(WILDTRACK SOBS)

MORDEN (VOICEOVER):

(COLLECTING HERSELF) I never thought I'd meet anyone else. Then one day, I went walking through the woods. It was the seventeenth of November again, just a few years later. (BEAT) A strange light caught my eye... and I saw him again - my Jonathan - just standing like nothing had ever happened!

It had taken his form, of course. These creatures, they have some kind of telepathic insight. They're empathic. He just wanted me to be happy... or so I thought. It never even occurred to me it wasn't - [really him] (TRAILS OFF) Maybe that was part of the spell?

(BITTERSWEET) We fell in love all over again. Then, I fell pregnant. It must have known before I did, because (SIGH) he vanished. No goodbye, no explanation, nothing. Jonathan abandoned me again. (BEAT) And I gave birth within a month...

CUT TO:

68. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - ADAM'S CELL.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

MORDEN:

Obviously I couldn't tell anyone. I knew it wasn't natural - or rather, it wasn't human. And I knew, whatever it was, it wasn't my Jonathan. But still... I couldn't abandon him: my baby. (BEAT, MORE FOND) I named him Adam. And I've looked after him all these years...

DOCTOR:

By locking him away?!

HELLIAX:

I heard him screaming across the cosmos... He has come of age - and now, I have come back for him.

HOPKINS:

You heard him screaming?

HELLIAX:

Wanting help. Demanding rescue...

DOCTOR:

It would seem the Helliax enjoy strong telepathic abilities. It makes sense that the familial link is also - [strong]

(FX: THE DOCTOR'S CUT OFF AS SUDDENLY EVERYTHING POWERS DOWN. NO LIGHTS, NO BACKGROUND BLOOPS. AN EERIE STILLNESS.)

DOCTOR:

Ah. Oh dear.

PRICE:

What's happening?

(FX: AN ALARM BLARES.)

FACILITY VOICE:

(OVER SPEAKERS) Alert: power failure on level - Gamma - Four. Power failure on level - Gamma - Four.

MORDEN:

Emergency lighting should kick in any minute...

DOCTOR:

So, not just telepathic, but telekinetic too?

HOPKINS:

Wait, what? That thing did this?

ADAM:

(STARTS CHUCKLING, GIDDY RELIEF)

DOCTOR:

With a little help from Adam, yes.

PRICE:

But why?!

(FX: SUDDENLY, THE HISS OF HYDRAULICS, LOCKS CHUNKING OPEN.)

HOPKINS:

Oh no...

DOCTOR:

So they could do that.

(FX: AROUND THEM, POD DOORS HISS OPEN, ALIENS EMERGING, THRASHING, ANGRY.)

MORDEN:

The patients!

DOCTOR:

The doors are opening... They're being set free!

ADAM:

(LAUGHTER RISES TO A CRESCENDO.)

(FX: THE CREATURES ADVANCE.)

CLOSING THEME - END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE:

(FX: AROUND THEM, POD DOORS HISS OPEN, ALIENS EMERGING, THRASHING, ANGRY.)

HOPKINS:

The patients!

DOCTOR:

The doors are opening... They're being set free!

ADAM:

(LAUGHTER RISES TO A CRESCENDO.)

(FX: THE CREATURES ADVANCE.)

CONTINUES INTO:

69. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - ADAM'S CELL [CONTINUOUS]

PRICE:

We've no choice! We have to evacuate! (BEAT) This way!

(FX: A GUNSHOT! AN ALIEN SCREECHES IN PAIN.)

DOCTOR:

Don't shoot! They've not done anything wrong!

PRICE:

I'll do whatever I have to, Doctor. Now move! All of you! (MORE URGENT) MOVE!

MORDEN:

Do as he says! Back this way...!

(FX: IN THE PANIC, PRICE, THE DOCTOR, MORDEN AND HOPKINS MOVE OFF. BEHIND THEM, ALIENS START REVIVING MORE AGGRESSIVELY, SMASHING OUT OF THEIR PODS.)

ADAM:

(CALLING AFTER) There's no point running! I never could!

CUT TO:

SCENE 70. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - CELL LEVEL.

(FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ALONG THE GANTRY, FAINT NOISE OF ALIENS EMERGING IN THE DISTANCE.)

HOPKINS:

How many of those things are there?!

MORDEN:

On this level, thirty-eight, including Adam. It's the same on every level.

(FX: THEY SLOW, DESPERATE TAPPING OF LIFT BUTTONS.)

MORDEN:

(FRUSTRATED) Argh, the lift's not working. The emergency generator can't have kicked in yet.

DOCTOR:

Best take the stairs then! Through here, I'm guessing?

(FX: THEY SLAM OPEN A DOOR AND START CLAMBERING UP A CONCRETE FIRE ESCAPE.)

DOCTOR:

On the plus side, lack of power presumably means your patients on the lower levels are going to struggle too?

MORDEN:

It will slow them down, certainly.

(FX: AN ALIEN HOWL, ADVANCING.)

HOPKINS:

Doesn't help our immediate problem, does it?

PRICE:

We need to get into the open. Fast!

(FX: THEY HURRY ON UPWARDS...)

CUT TO:

SCENE 71. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - ADAM'S CELL.

(FX: THE OTHER CREATURES SCRAMBLING OFF.)

ADAM:

(SOFT) And there they go... Just you and me...

(FX: THE CELL TO ADAM'S DOOR FINALLY HISSES OPEN. HE STEPS OUT.)

HELLIAX:

Father... and son.

ADAM:

Together again.

HELLIAX:

Together.

(AWKWARD BEAT)

ADAM:

What happens now?

HELLIAX:

Now? Now, you shall get what you have always wanted. (BEAT)
Help.

CUT TO:

SCENE 72. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - UPPER LEVEL.

(FX: A DOOR SLAMS OPEN, THE GROUP MARCHES ALONG. TILED FLOORS HERE.)

MORDEN:

(MID-EXPLANATION) I always knew Adam was different. Then, as he grew older... (TRAILS OFF)

DOCTOR:

Yes?

MORDEN:

He began to struggle with this world's atmosphere. His skin began to blister, he drew shorter and shorter breaths... then, one day, he just... stopped completely. I was so scared, I thought I'd lost him.

DOCTOR:

A child a two far-flung alien races: you have so much in common, but he's unique. It's no surprise he finds this world a burden.

HOPKINS:

Never mind all that. (TO MORDEN) What did you do?

MORDEN:

I took him to hospital. The doctors managed to stabilise him. But they also realised something was wrong. They talked me through it in detail, how they'd addressed his... 'condition. But then they started asking questions.

DOCTOR:

So you discharged him?

MORDEN:

What else could I do? The questions they were asking - I knew it wouldn't be long before they worked it all out. I tried to take care of him myself, but I knew things couldn't continue the way they had. Hence this place...

DOCTOR:

Because you realised if you took him back to a hospital -

MORDEN:

Organisations like yours would have him dissected within a second, yes.

HOPKINS:

They wouldn't. I hope.

PRICE:

So all those aliens down there...?

DOCTOR:

You were using them in the hope you could find a cure, something to stabilise your son's condition.

MORDEN:

(DEFENSIVE) It's not a 'condition'!

DOCTOR:

No. No of course, you're right. I'm sorry.

PRICE:

Sorry?! Condition or no condition, whatever you want to call it, that thing is now a threat to the general public.

MORDEN:

How can you say that? He's my son!

PRICE:

His father is also an alien. And between them, they've just unleashed a horde of other aliens that it's now my job to try and contain. But I can't do that until we get out of here!

(FX: LIGHTS FLICKER ON, CONTROLS, THE HUM OF ACTIVITY AS GENERATORS KICK IN.)

PRICE:

(WARY) What's happening?

HOPKINS:

Emergency generator powering up?

FACILITY VOICE:

(OVER SPEAKERS) Restoring. All systems are now fully operational.

DOCTOR:

Well, that answers that question. No need for secrecy now, they've got what they wanted.

(FX: CHUNK OF HEAVY LOCKS ALL AROUND.)

FACILITY VOICE:

Security lockdown in place. This sector has now been sealed.

MORDEN:

No! No, why would they do that?!

HOPKINS:

To trap us with all those creatures?

DOCTOR:

Or, more likely, to stop us from interfering. (DETERMINED) The Colonel's right: we have to get out of here!

CUT TO:

SCENE 73. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - CELL LEVEL.

(FX: FULL POWER RESTORED, ADAM AND THE HELLIAX MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE FACILITY.)

ADAM:

It feels so strange to walk like this... to be free from that prison. (HESITANT BEAT) We... we are doing the right thing, aren't we?

HELLIAX:

We are. You should never have been trapped on this world in the first place.

ADAM:

I was only trapped because you ran away.

HELLIAX:

I have returned. That is all that matters now.

(FX: THEY STOP WALKING AS THEY REACH A LIFT. THE HELLIAX PUSHES A SENSOR.)

FACILITY VOICE:

Authorisation required.

ADAM:

We can't get out!

HELLIAX:

We shall... (DEEP BREATH)

(FX: A BURBLE FROM THE PANEL. A LIFT DOOR CHUNKS AND SWISHES OPEN.)

FACILITY VOICE:

Authorisation granted.

ADAM:

(GETTING HIS HEAD AROUND IT) But how - how did you do that?!

HELLIAX:

You are young, but you will learn, in time. Now come!

(FX: HELLIAX STRIDES OFF, FOLLOWED BY ADAM).

CUT TO:

SCENE 74. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - UPPER LEVEL.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

DOCTOR:

(UNDER BREATH) It's at times like this I wish I still had a sonic screwdriver!

HOPKINS:

A what?

DOCTOR:

Never mind. Just going to have to do this the old-fashioned way. Of course, it would help if I had something to - (EFFORT AS HE CLAWS AT THE PANEL) prise this panel open with!

(FX: AROUND THEM, THE FAINT SHUFFLING OF BODIES AGAINST METAL. ODD ALIEN SHRIEKS AND MOVEMENT.)

MORDEN:

(LOW) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(DISTRACTED) What?

MORDEN:

Do you hear that?

(FX: A BEAT. THEY LISTEN. THE SOUNDS BECOME CLEARER: CREATURES CRAWLING THROUGH THE VENTILATION SYSTEM.)

PRICE:

They're in the ducting! All of them!

HOPKINS:

They'll be following the air flow in and out of the building.

DOCTOR:

(AS HE WORKS) This is worse than I thought!

(FX: RADIOS CRACKLE.)

PRICE:

The radios - we must be close to the surface!

(FX: PRICE PICKS HIS UP, CRACKLE.)

PRICE:

(INTO RADIO) Greyhound Leader to all units. I repeat: Greyhound Leader to all units. Please confirm you are receiving me? Over.

(FX: RADIO CRACKLE. THE VOICE ON THE OTHER END IS FRAGMENTED. BAD RECEPTION.)

MAXWELL:

(OVER RADIO, DISTORTED) Trap Three to Greyhound Leader. Confirmed. We are under attack from hostiles. Over.

PRICE:

(INTO RADIO) Understood. Instigate full attack procedure immediately. Containment protocols. I hope to join you shortly. Over and out!

CUT TO:

SCENE 75. EXT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - DRIVEWAY.

(FX: HEAVIER RAIN. SMASHING OF GLASS AND DOORS AS ALIENS EMERGE. SOLDIERS RUNNING AROUND, MOBILISING.)

WALSH:

(LOUD) Alright, you heard the man. None of these creatures can be allowed to leave the premises. (BARKING) Fire at will!

(FX: A FEW ROUNDS OF GUNFIRE. THE CREATURES REACT - SOME HIT, OTHERS ANTAGONISED.)

SOLDIER 1:

(PANICKY) They're coming from all sides!

WALSH:

Keep firing! (BEAT) Whatever you do, keep firing!

(FX: MORE GUNFIRE. ALIEN PANDEMONIUM. A FEW SOLDIERS GET PICKED OFF.)

WILDTRACK SOLDIERS:

(SCREAMS, EFFORT)

WILDTRACK ALIENS:

(SCREECHING, HOWLING, DEATHS, ETC)

MAXWELL:

(TO SELF) This is going to be a bloodbath...

(FX: RADIO CRACKLE.)

MAXWELL:

(INTO RADIO) Trap Three to UNIT HQ. This is Corporal Linda Maxwell requesting immediate reinforcements. Emergency Code Gamma-Delta-Four. We have hostiles and we cannot contain them. Over!

CUT TO:

SCENE 76. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - OFFICES.

(FX: MORRIS AND SAMUEL ARE LOCKED AWAY. APPROACHING ALIENS OUTSIDE.)

SAMUEL:

Can you hear something...?

MORRIS:

It can't be.

WILDTRACK SOLDIER:

(OUTSIDE) I'm warning you! Stay back! (BEAT) Stay back or I open fire!

(FX: A FEW HEAVY FOOTSTEPS.)

SAMUEL:

(SOTTO) What do you think's out there?

MORRIS:

(SOTTO) I don't know, son, I don't know.

WILDTRACK SOLDIER:

(OUTSIDE) Don't come another step close-aaaargh!

ALIEN:

(ROARS/ATTACKS)

(FX: AN ALIEN LAUNCHES AT THE SOLDIER. MUFFLED SCREAMS AS HE'S ATTACKED!)

SAMUEL:

(HEADSTRONG) We have to help him!

(FX: SAMUEL DASHES TO THE DOOR.)

MORRIS:

No, Sam, don't!

(FX: SAM PULLS THE DOOR OPEN. A BODY SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR.)

ALIEN:

(SNARLS AT SAMUEL)

SAMUEL:

Think you're tough just 'cos you've come another planet? Well, I think you're forgetting something. We sorted you out before, not it's time for a rematch! (GOADING) So come on, what are you wait-[ing for] (GRUNTS)

ALIEN:

(LASHES OUT)

(FX: THE ALIEN EFFORTLESS KNOCKS SAMUEL ACROSS THE ROOM.)

MORRIS:

No! You stay away from him! (ROARS)

(FX: MORRIS ROARS AND RUSHES THE ALIEN. IT GRABS HIM.)

ALIEN:

(GRABS)

MORRIS:

(CHOKED) We... we never meant any harm... (GASPS) I... (FINAL BREATH)
I'm sorry...!!

CUT TO:

SCENE 77. EXT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - MAIN ENTRANCE. CONTINUOUS.

(FX: THE SAME HAVOC PLAYS OUT AT A DISTANCE, AS THE MAIN DOUBLE DOORS FLY OPEN. HELLIAX AND ADAM STEP CALMLY INTO THE CHAOS.)

ADAM:

(RECOILS AT THE GUNFIRE)

HELLIAX:

You have nothing to fear, my child. You shall not come to harm. Not while your father is here...

ADAM:

I wish I shared your confidence.

WALSH:

(OFF) Someone get this thing off me! Its claws, they're -

(FX: ALIEN SLASHES AND SNARLS)

WALSH:

(OFF - RIPPED BY CLAWS) Aaaaaaarggh!!!

(FX: MORE GUNFIRE.)

ADAM:

(DISGUSTED) So much violence... so much death... it's like I can feel it in my head. (WINCES, THOUGH HE'S ACTUALLY STRUGGLING WITH THE ATMOSPHERE) It hurts...

HELLIAX:

You are sensitive to the needs of others. That is admirable. But now, you should think of no one but yourself...

ADAM:

(COLLECTS HIMSELF) Perhaps.

HELLIAX:

(REASSURING) You know it to be true. I have your best interests at heart. Come!

(FX: HELLIAX STARTS WALKING INTO THE FRAY.)

ADAM:

(LOUDER) But the bullets -

HELLIAX:

Shall not harm us. Have faith in me... (SOFTER) I have journeyed across the stars to find you again. I do not intend to sacrifice your life. (BEAT) Trust your father.

ADAM:

(CONSIDERS, RELUCTANT) Yes...

(FX: THEY STEP THROUGH THE CHAOS.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 78. EXT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - DRIVEWAY. CONTINUOUS.

(FX: AS BEFORE. ALL HELL BREAKING LOOSE. MAXWELL SPOTS HELLIAX AND ADAM LEAVING.)

MAXWELL:

(TO SELF) What the hell are they doing? (REALISING) Oh no...

(YELLING) You men! Over there! Two of them, heading for the car park!

CUT TO:

SCENE 79. EXT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - DRIVEWAY. CONTINUOUS.

(FX: HELLIAX AND ADAM CRUNCH ACROSS THE GRAVEL.)

ADAM:

(STILL RECOILING) I... I don't understand. They should have hit us by now. Shouldn't they?

HELLIAX:

Do not concern yourself with their violence. (BEAT) We are already where we need to be.

ADAM:

Where?!

(FX: A LOW TELEKINETIC PULSE. THE JEEP DOORS UNLOCK AS ONE.)

HELLIAX:

One of their primitive terrestrial vehicles. It will save us time.

(FX: THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN.)

HELLIAX:

We are now able to embark. (NO REACTION) Get inside. Quickly!

ADAM:

(TORN, CLAMBERS INSIDE).

(FX: THEY CLIMB INSIDE THE JEEP. DOORS SLAM. INSTANTLY, THE ENGINE ROARS INTO LIFE.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 80. EXT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - DRIVEWAY. CONTINUOUS.

(FX: AS BEFORE. THE JEEP ROARS OFF AND TEARS THROUGH THE BATTLE.)

WILDTRACK SOLDIERS:

(YELLS AS THE JEEP HURTLES THROUGH THEM, WARNINGS, ETC)

MAXWELL:

(YELLING) Someone stop them! They're getting away!

(FX: GUNFIRE. BULLETS RICOCHET OFF THE HOOD OF THE JEEP. ALL THE WHILE, CREATURES MAINTAIN THEIR ATTACK. MAXWELL FIRES A FEW SHOTS FROM HER HANDGUN.)

MAXWELL:

(BARKING) Aim for the tyres! Slow them down!

(FX: BANG! BANG! THE JEEP SCREECHES OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.)

MAXWELL:

Dammit!

(FX: RADIO CRACKLE.)

MAXWELL:

(URGENT, INTO RADIO) Trap Three to Greyhound Leader. Colonel, this is urgent!

CUT TO:

SCENE 81. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - UPPER LEVEL.

(FX: AS BEFORE. THE DOCTOR STILL NEGOTIATING THE PANEL.)

MAXWELL:

(OVER RADIO, BIT DISTORTED) Two hostiles have just escaped and left the premises! Over.

PRICE:

(INTO RADIO) We're on our way up, right now. Over. (BEAT) Sorry, Doctor. Out of the way.

(FX: PRICE PUSHES THE DOCTOR ASIDE. GUNSHOT. THE PANEL FIZZES.)

(REACTIONS TO GUNSHOT.)

DOCTOR:

(FUMING) What did you go and do that for?!

PRICE:

You wanted the panel off. It's off. Now, do something clever and get those doors open.

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS, GETS TO WORK)

(FX: SPARKS AS THE DOCTOR INTERFERES. RADIO CRACKLE.)

MAXWELL:

(OVER RADIO) Sir. Is the Doctor still in there with you? Over.

PRICE:

(INTO RADIO) I'm afraid so, yes. And if he wants to remain our scientific adviser, he'll prove his worth and get us out of here, sharpish. (BEAT) I also have Hopkins and Ms. Morden with me. Over.

(FX: THE DOOR FIZZES, SLIDES OPEN!)

DOCTOR:

Success!

MAXWELL:

(OVER RADIO) And Dr. Harrison? Is she still with you too? Over...

CUT TO:

SCENE 82. INT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - HARRISON'S OFFICE.

(FX: AS BEFORE - ONLY NOW WE CAN HEAR THE MADNESS FROM OUTSIDE BLEEDING THROUGH THE WINDOW.)

HARRISON:

(APPALLED) What the hell is going on out there?!

(FX: GUNFIRE. A BULLET SMASHES THE WINDOW.)

HARRISON:

(RECOILS, SHOCK, CATCHES BREATH) Maybe... step away from the window... Yes, good idea...

(FX: HARRISON BACKS AWAY. SUDDENLY, A SCRATCHING AT THE MAIN DOOR. RATTLE OF THE HANDLE.)

HARRISON:

(CALLING OUT) Oh, come back to let me out, have you? Well it's about time!

(FX: THUMP! THE DOOR SPLINTERS SLIGHTLY.)

HARRISON:

(UNNERVED, CALLING) Don't tell me, you've forgotten the key?

(FX: ANOTHER THUMP! MORE WOOD CRACKS. NOW WE HEAR ALIEN THRASHING BEHIND.)

HARRISON:

(UNDER BREATH) Oh no!

(FX: ONE FINAL THUMP! THE DOOR FRACTURES, AND A THRASHING, SNARLING ALIEN SLOWLY ENTERS. HARRISON PANICS, BACKING AWAY.)

ALIEN:

(HISSES, SNARLING)

HARRISON:

Please... I mean you no harm! I'm a doctor, I can help you! I have been helping you!

(FX: THE ALIEN STOPS.)

ALIEN:

(SEETHING) 'Help'?

HARRISON:

That's right: help. (SLOWLY) My name is Jennifer Harrison.

ALIEN:

(ANGRIER HISS, SNEER) 'Doctor'.

HARRISON:

Yes, that's right, Dr. Jennifer Harrison.

ALIEN:

(SNARLS, AGGRESSIVE)

(FX: THE ALIEN STARTS ADVANCING.)

HARRISON:

(REALISATION) You remember me, don't you? You remember what I did...

ALIEN:

(SAVAGE, NOT USED TO ENGLISH) 'I... mean... you... no... harm!'

HARRISON:

Please. You have to understand: it was all for science! It was all for the common good!

ALIEN:

No... harm! (LASHES OUT)

HARRISON:

(SCREAMS - PANIC AND PAIN)

(FX: HER SCREAM ECHOES AWAY...)

FADE TO:

SCENE 83. EXT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - MAIN ENTRANCE. CONTINUOUS.

(FX: AS BEFORE. UNIT SOLDIERS STILL BATTLING THE ALIENS.)

WALSH:

(YELLING) More of 'em! They just keep on coming!

(FX: THE DOCTOR, PRICE, HOPKINS AND MORDEN RUSH OUTSIDE.)

DOCTOR:

(HORRIFIED) We're already too late.

PRICE:

(ORDERING OVER THE CHAOS) Hold them back, men! Maintain your positions!

MORDEN:

(DISTRAUGHT) I never meant for any of this!

DOCTOR:

I know, and I'm sorry. This should never have happened.

PRICE:

Doctor, take Ms. Morden back inside, find somewhere secure!
Hopkins, we have casualties. Look out for those you can and get them to safety!

HOPKINS:

Sir!

(FX: HOPKINS MOVES OFF.)

DOCTOR:

(CALLING AFTER) Daniel! Don't take any stupid risks!

HOPKINS:

(CALLING BACK) Don't worry, I know what I'm doing!

DOCTOR:

Oh, if only you did.

PRICE:

(FIRM) Doctor, you have your orders! Get inside!

DOCTOR:

Hah. Funny how I'm only a member of staff when it suits you.

MORDEN:

But what about Adam?!

DOCTOR:

Quite. Because you still have an alien out there, Price. An alien with this woman's child as its hostage. Are you really going to do nothing about that?

PRICE:

(DEEP BREATH, CONSIDERS) I'll send men in pursuit. Until then, we have enough to deal with the situation here. (ORDERS AS HE MOVES OFF) Now get inside, the pair of you!

(FX: PRICE ENTERS THE FRAY)

PRICE:

(BARKING ORDERS) Keep firing, men! Keep firing!

DOCTOR:

Idiot. (TO MORDEN, COVERT) Come on, this way...

MORDEN:

But the Colonel said -

DOCTOR:

I know what he said. I also know we need to find your son as a matter of urgency. Which means, we need to get out of here...

MORDEN:

My car's just over there.

DOCTOR:

Do you have the keys on you?

MORDEN:

(CHECKS) Er... yes.

DOCTOR:

Splendid! Then keep your head down and come on!

(FX: THEY SCRAMBLE PAST. CROSS TO MORE OF THE BATTLE...)

PRICE:

Three more emerging from the East Wing. Keep them contained! Remember what you're fighting for!

(FX: MORE GUNFIRE, ALIENS AND SCREAMS. CLOSE BY:)

WALSH:

(MORTALLY WOUNDED) I don't feel... nothing, doc. I don't feel nothing at all...

HOPKINS:

(RESIGNED) There now, Private. Try to relax...

CUT TO:

SCENE 84. INT. / EXT. MORDEN'S CAR.

(FX: AS BEFORE. MORDEN AND THE DOCTOR SCRAMBLE CLOSER, AWAY FROM THE MAIN SKIRMISH.)

DOCTOR:

There! We made it. (RELIEF) Good work, Annabel.

MORDEN:

(RATTLED) I never want to do that again.

DOCTOR:

Hopefully we won't have to.

(FX: JANGLE OF KEYS, MORDEN OPENS THE DOOR.)

DOCTOR:

Would you rather I drive?

MORDEN:

You're not insured.

DOCTOR:

Fair point.

(FX: THE DOCTOR DARTS ROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE, DUCKING STRAY BULLETS. ONE PINGS OFF THE BACK OF THE CAR.)

CUT TO INTERIOR:

(FX: THE PASSENGER DOOR OPENS, THE DOCTOR SCRAMBLES IN.)

DOCTOR:

(CATCHING BREATH) Now, if I'm right, our alien friend will be heading back to his spacecraft. And if what you say about Adam is true -

MORDEN:

It is.

DOCTOR:

- then we need to rescue him as quickly as possible. Luckily for you, I remember the craft's location precisely.

MORDEN:

Luckier still, I know a shortcut. (EXPLAINS) We have been doing this quite a while.

(FX: MORDEN TURNS THE KEY IN THE IGNITION, STARTS THE ENGINE.)

DOCTOR:

Let's not waste any more time then!

CUT TO EXTERIOR:

(FX: AMIDST THE CHAOS, MORDEN'S CAR PURRS INTO LIFE AND ROARS AWAY, SCREECHING THROUGH THE GRAVEL.)

MUSIC SEGUE

SCENE 85. EXT. WOODLAND - CRASH SITE.

(FX: HEAVY RAIN BREAKING THROUGH THE TREES. THE HELLIAX JEEP SQUELCHES THROUGH THE MUD AT SOME SPEED, BRAKING ABRUPTLY. BOTH DOORS FLY OPEN, AND ADAM AND THE HELLIAX EMERGE, SQUELCHING.)

ADAM:

This is the place?

HELLIAX:

It is.

ADAM:

(TAKING IT IN) But it's so peaceful here...

HELLIAX:

Do not be fooled by the silence. This world knows nothing of peace.

(FX: THUNDERCLAP. MORE TRAMPING THROUGH WOODLAND.)

ADAM:

(PRONOUNCED BREATHLESSNESS) Where are we going?

HELLIAX:

To my vessel. To take you away from here.

ADAM:

But I thought you crashed. Isn't that how they found you?

HELLIAX:

That is what I wished them to believe.

(FX: THEY STOP WALKING.)

HELLIAX:

(GESTURING) Here!

ADAM:

(WINCE/GASP - COULD BE AWE, BUT PAIN)

HELLIAX:

It shall soon be ready to depart. (MORE TENDER) We shall get you home...

(FX: THE HELLIAX STEPS FORWARD, AND THE DOOR TO THE SHIP HISSES OPEN. AN IMPRESSIVE SIGHT NOW.)

ADAM:

(REACTS - SHOCKED, AND SHORT OF BREATH) It's incredible...!

CUT TO:

SCENE 86. EXT. THE MORDEN CLINIC - DRIVEWAY.

(FX: STILL RAINING. JUST THE ODD SKIRMISH NOW. OCCASIONAL SHOTS. PRICE MOVES THROUGH THE CROWD.)

PRICE:

(LOUD, OVER RAIN) Good work, men! We have the situation under control. Just a few more stragglers to contain, but we can get the rest secured!

(FX: PRICE APPROACHES A WOUNDED SOLDIER, TENDED TO BY HOPKINS.)

WILDTRACK SOLDIER:

(PAINED MOANING)

PRICE:

How is he doing?

HOPKINS:

Flesh wound, that's all. At least three others weren't so lucky.

PRICE:

We'll get their next of kin informed as soon as everyone's been accounted for. First, I need the Doctor.

HOPKINS:

(SURPRISE) The Doctor?

PRICE:

Yes. He knows more than he's willing to tell us. He always does. Now I think it's time he started talking!

(FX: PRICE STARTS TO MOVE OFF.)

HOPKINS:

But the Doctor's already gone, sir.

(FX: PRICE STOPS IN HIS TRACKS.)

PRICE:

Gone? What do you mean, 'gone'?!

HOPKINS:

About fifteen minutes ago, just after we all came out here -

PRICE:

And you never said?!

HOPKINS:

I was a little bit busy!

PRICE:

We were all 'a little bit busy'. (THINKS) He'll be heading back to the crash site. (MOVING OFF, BARKS ORDERS) You men, fall out, with me! You too, Hopkins.

HOPKINS:

Sir.

PRICE:

(TO SELF) The Doctor hasn't the authority to handle this.

(FX: PRICE AND HOPKINS STRIDE OFF THROUGH THE GRAVEL AND RAIN.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 87. EXT. WOODLAND TRACK. / INT. MORDEN'S CAR.

(FX: MORDEN'S CAR NEGOTIATES THE ROUGH TERRAIN WITH DIFFICULTY.)

CUT TO INTERIOR:

DOCTOR:

How much further?

MORDEN:

Not far. Had to change my route a little, otherwise their road blocks might have spotted us. (FRUSTRATED NOISE)

(FX: MORDEN FLOORS THE ACCELERATOR. WHEELS SPIN IN MUD. THE DOCTOR OPENS HIS PASSENGER DOOR.)

MORDEN:

What, no - where are you going?

DOCTOR:

Probably faster to make the rest of the way on foot - come on!

(FX: MORDEN AND THE DOCTOR CLAMBER OUT, RUSH OFF.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 88-A. EXT. WOODLAND - CRASH SITE.

(FX: AS BEFORE. NOW THE SPACECRAFT IS EMITTING A LOW HUM, ENGINES SLOWLY RUMBLING INTO LIFE. MORE ETHEREAL THAN INDUSTRIAL. ITS DOOR OPENS AND THE HELLIAX STEPS OUT.)

HELLIAX:

Our vessel will soon be ready. It is time to depart.

ADAM:

(STRUGGLING) I'm glad to hear it. (WINCES)

(FX: OVERHEAD, THE FAINT SOUND OF A HELICOPTER GROWING CLOSER.)

ADAM:

That sound... they must have realised where you were taking me!

HELLIAX:

It is no matter. I am your father, I will always protect you.
(BEAT) They have no right to keep you here...

ADAM:

(HEARTENED) No. (WINCE) They haven't.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING OUT) Actually, I'd beg to differ!

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND MORDEN EMERGE THROUGH THE MUD. NEARBY, WE HEAR THE HELICOPTER COMING IN TO LAND.)

ADAM:

You! What are you doing here?!

MORDEN:

(RELIEF) Never mind that now. Are you all right?

ADAM:

'All right'? I'm better here, now, than I ever was with you.

HELLIAX:

And he will be better still - with me - once we have departed this world.

DOCTOR:

Sadly, I doubt that very much.

ADAM:

(STRUGGLING) And what would you know?

DOCTOR:

Only what your mother's told me... and the evidence of my own eyes.

ADAM:

(SPLUTTERS)

DOCTOR:

You're really not very well at all, are you? Your skin...

ADAM:

(MAKES TO ANSWER)

HELLIAX:

He is well, and he is strong! Why do you persist?

MORDEN:

Because he isn't strong at all, he never has been! He's always needed looking after. (BEAT) Do you really think I wanted to keep him in that place for as long as I've had to? I wanted nothing more than to raise him as my own. But then the best I could hope for was simply to keep him alive!

ADAM:

(GASPS) You say these things so easily - but how do we know they're true? You've lied about so much already!

MORDEN:

But never to you. I promise! He may have come here to free you, but he's condemned you to death!

ADAM:

(SCOFFS)

DOCTOR:

If you won't believe her, believe me. That goes for both of you. (TO HELLIAX) Your son is a child of two worlds, there's no getting round that. Just as there's no denying that he cannot remain on Earth -

HELLIAX:

We concur.

MORDEN:

(APPALLED) Doctor!

ADAM:

(UNDER STRAIN) Please, can you all stop arguing?!

DOCTOR:

There's no argument still to be had. Adam cannot survive on this world, but there's no guarantee he'll be better off on yours. He's a child of two species!

HELLIAX:

Then what options remain?

DOCTOR:

That's what I'm trying to work out. (GROANS) Oh no...

(FX: A PLATOON STOMPING QUICKLY THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH, GUNS COCKED AND TRAINED.)

CONT...

SCENE 88-B. EXT. WOODLAND - CRASH SITE. CONTINUOUS.

(FX: AS BEFORE. PRICE STRIDES UP.)

PRICE:

(BARKING ORDERS) All of you! Hands in the air! Nobody's to move another muscle! You get one warning!

DOCTOR:

Colonel Price, please, I'm handling this!

PRICE:

Just as you've handled everything else today? Don't make me laugh! (BEAT) We have the facility under lockdown, its specimens contained. As of now, you are in our custody! Every single one of you!

ADAM:

(WORRIED, PAINED) Father...?

HELLIAX:

There is nothing to fear, not yet.

PRICE:

No? Can someone explain to me: what's going on here?!

DOCTOR:

Adam, please, just listen to me. Block out the rest of the noise and listen...

ADAM:

(DEEP BREATH)

PRICE:

(WARNING) Doctor...

DOCTOR:

(COAXING) That's it, Adam. Look inside my mind. Use those telepathic abilities of yours and talk to me.

(FX: A SLIGHT DISTORTED WHOOSH. THE DOCTOR'S 'TALK TO ME...' SLURS AND SLOWS AS ADAM MAKES TELEPATHIC CONTACT WITH THE DOCTOR - IDEALLY THE MODERN 'GALLIFREY' SERIES EFFECT RATHER THAN 1972 VERSION.)

DOCTOR:

Contact!

CUT TO:

SCENE 89. TELEPATHIC CONNECTION.

(FX: A LIMBO, THE EXPANSE OF SPACE. METEORS FLY PAST. STARS EXPLODE. AN INFINITE VOID OF POSSIBILITY. WHEN THE DOCTOR AND ADAM SPEAK, IT'S A BIT TRIPPY.)

ADAM:

Wh- where am I?

DOCTOR:

Inside the mind of a Time Lord. You're now privy to everything I've seen: all my knowledge, all my experiences. Not just here, on Earth, but across the whole of space and time...

ADAM:

Why are you showing me this?

DOCTOR:

Because you've been trapped for so long already, and I'm sorry, but you deserve to know what's out there. Not just here on Earth, or with your father, but the potential that waits for you, right across the universe!

ADAM:

(AWED) So many worlds... so many species...

DOCTOR:

(SMILE) Aren't there? (BEAT, OFFER) I could take you somewhere safe. I know a wonderful little world - the Eye of Orion - it promotes a form of well-being. True, it wouldn't be Earth, it wouldn't be Helliax - but it would mean you could be together...

ADAM:

(SLIGHT STRAIN) So many possibilities... (GASP) It's overwhelming.

DOCTOR:

No, Adam, it's exciting!

ADAM:

(GRUNTS, REAL PAIN)

DOCTOR:

(CONCERN) Adam...? Stay with me, Adam!

(FX: THE DOCTOR'S 'ADAM...?' SLURS AS WE BREAK THE PSYCHIC LINK.)

CUT TO:

SCENE 90. EXT. WOODLAND - CRASH SITE. CONTINUOUS.

(FX: AS BEFORE. ADAM COLLAPSES.)

ADAM:

(GROANS AND SLUMPS)

MORDEN:

Adam!

HELLIAX:

What has happened to our child?

DOCTOR:

The atmosphere's finally getting to him. (MOVES TO HELP) Let's see what we can do to make him comfortable..

PRICE:

(ANGRY) I said: nobody move!

DOCTOR:

Don't be absurd, man! Can't you see he needs help?!

PRICE:

Hopkins!

HOPKINS:

Sir.

(FX: HOPKINS RUSHES TO HELP ADAM.)

PRICE:

Stand away, Doctor. Hopkins can take care of this!

DOCTOR:

Daniel is a highly competent medical officer, of that I've no doubt - but I'm really not sure that he can.

PRICE:

Nevertheless, he'll have to. (FIRMER) Now stand - away!

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS)

(FX: HOPKINS MOVES IN TO ADAM.)

ADAM:

(WINCES, BREATHING)

HOPKINS:

(SOFT) There, now, I'm not going to hurt you...

PRICE:

Surrender, Doctor, and we can resolve this calmly, and without bloodshed. (EDGE) My men will fire if they have to. However many lives you have left.

DOCTOR:

That old-fashioned UNIT hospitality! (SARCASTIC) How I've missed it.

PRICE:

Will you surrender?

DOCTOR:

Oh, so now you ask nicely! – I'm sorry, no. Not while there's an innocent under alien threat. Put down your guns, and I might consider...

PRICE:

You know we can't do that.

DOCTOR:

Well, then. Looks like we've reached something of an impasse.

PRICE:

Firing positions!

DOCTOR:

Or not...

PRICE:

Take aim!

MORDEN:

No, you can't just shoot us! Doctor!

PRICE:

(COMMAND) FIRE!

(FX: A TERRIFYING ROUND OF GUNFIRE.)

MORDEN:

(CRIES OUT, FRIGHT)

(FX: SILENCE. WARBLE/SHIMMER – THE BULLETS HAVE BEEN SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR. STUNNED RELIEF/FRUSTRATION FROM VARIOUS PARTIES.)

MORDEN:

(RELIEF) They... they missed us?!

DOCTOR:

No, they didn't. Look!

PRICE:

What have you done?!

DOCTOR:

Seems daddy here's finally made his choice. He's using his telekinetic abilities to hold your bullets back. He's protecting us. (BEAT) All of us. Including you, Annabel.

MORDEN:

(TO HELLIAX) Thank you. (AWKWARD) You understand why I did what I did, don't you...?

HELLIAX:

I do. As for me... I feared I had grown too close, then. Maybe now is time to take responsibility?

PRICE:

(ORDER) Men, advance!

ADAM:

Or maybe take revenge?

DOCTOR:

Adam, no!

ADAM:

(STRAINING) They'll never let us leave, they have to pay!

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) He's turning a bullet – look out!!

(FX: A SINGLE BULLET PROPELS BACK – A SOLDIER CRIES OUT!)

WILDTRACK SOLDIER:

(CRIES OUT)

PRICE:

Bates!

DOCTOR:

(TO ADAM) That wasn't necessary!!

HELLIAX:

(STRAINING) My child, stop. This is not the way!

ADAM:

(STRAINING) Consider that a warning shot.

PRICE:

See, Doctor? See how peaceful your precious aliens are now?!

DOCTOR:

Because you attacked them! But listen to me, Price. Adam's growing weaker. We need to get him away from here. If you don't let us leave, now, he'll burn himself out. Then I suspect our friends here will become a lot less forgiving.

PRICE:

You want me to just stand down?

DOCTOR:

You know, deep down, it's the only sensible course of action. No harm would come to anyone. Whereas if you persist, people die on both sides...

(BEAT)

MORDEN:

Please, Colonel...

PRICE:

(CONSIDERS, SO RELUCTANT) Since you asked nicely. (CALLS) Stand down, all of you.

SOLDIER:

Sir?

PRICE:

(ANGRIER) I said: stand down!

(FX: SOLDIERS FALL OUT. ADAM STUMBLES, EXHAUSTED.)

ADAM:

(RELAXES)

PRICE:

You have ten minutes, Doctor. As our scientific adviser, I'm taking you at your word. You say this creature isn't a threat? I hope you're right. Because if you're not, we shall deal with it. (COMMAND) Now get to your TARDIS and go!

DOCTOR:

(SINCERE) Thank you. (DEEP BREATH, TO HOPKINS) Daniel, I'll need your help with the patient here. You two, follow me..

MORDEN:

But the soldiers - ?

DOCTOR:

Won't harm us so long as we're quick, and Adam doesn't try any more tricks. Now come on!

(FX: SLOWLY, THE PARTY DEPARTS THROUGH THE MUDDY UNDERGROWTH.)

MUSIC BRIDGE

SCENE 90. EXT. UNIT MOBILE HQ.

(FX: STILL RAINING. THE GROUP APPROACH THE TARDIS. THE DOCTOR AND HOPKINS STILL CARRY ADAM.)

DOCTOR:

Here we are! Daniel, take hold of Adam for me.

(FX: HOPKINS TAKES THE STRAIN AS DOCTOR FUMBLES IN HIS POCKET.)

DOCTOR:

Now then...

(FX: HE PLUCKS THE KEY FROM HIS POCKET, STARTS TO OPEN THE TARDIS DOOR.)

HELLIAX:

This is the craft you spoke of?

DOCTOR:

(ALL SMILES) Yes.

MORDEN:

But it's a Police Box?! I remember those!

DOCTOR:

That reaction is what makes it the perfect camouflage.

HOPKINS:

Trust me, it's bigger than it looks when you get inside.

DOCTOR:

It has something of a calming environment, too, which should help to stabilise Adam's condition until we reach our destination. Mum, Dad – perhaps you'd care to help Adam inside...?

MORDEN:

Oh. Of course...

(FX: MORDEN TAKES ADAM FROM HOPKINS, AIDED BY THE HELLIAX.)

MORDEN:

Thank you, Doctor.

HELLIAX:

You have our eternal gratitude.

DOCTOR:

Yes yes, plenty of time for all that later. In you go. I'll be with you in just a moment!

(FX: MORDEN AND THE HELLIAX CARRY ADAM INSIDE. THE DOCTOR WAITS OUTSIDE WITH HOPKINS. AN AWKWARD BEAT.)

HOPKINS:

You're going off, then? Into space.

DOCTOR:

Yes. (BEAT, SIZING HIM UP) Daniel: I want to thank you for everything you've done today.

HOPKINS:

Well, you know – all in a day's work. Granted, it's not every day the Colonel's orders and get away with it. (A THOUGHT) That's if I have got away with it.

DOCTOR:

It wouldn't be desertion, if you wanted to come along..?

HOPKINS:

I'm sorry?

DOCTOR:

In the TARDIS. I'll drop these three off to live out their lives in peace, then afterwards... Well, the Colonel should know: my TARDIS isn't always reliable. We might end up taking the long way round.

HOPKINS:

Yes, like my predecessor – Sullivan, wasn't it?

DOCTOR:

Good old Harry. You've not heard what he's up to these days, I suppose..?

HOPKINS:

Something above top secret, I believe. You could always ask the Colonel. But he'd have to kill you. – Joke.

DOCTOR:

So, Daniel: what do you say?

HOPKINS:

Thank you for the offer, Doctor. But no.

DOCTOR:

(DISAPPOINTED) Oh.

HOPKINS:

It's not that I'm not grateful, it's just there's enough for me here on Earth, you know?

DOCTOR:

Yes, I'm sure –

HOPKINS:

Mrs Hopkins, for one thing. Not to mention a little Hopkins on the way.

DOCTOR:

I understand.

HOPKINS:

UNIT aren't monsters, Doctor. But they still have a lot to learn. So it can't hurt to have an inside-man, can it?

DOCTOR:

No, I suppose it can't.

(AWKWARD BEAT)

HOPKINS:

Anyway. I should probably report in and pretend I hated all this. And you should probably leave... Nine and a half minutes gone already.

DOCTOR:

Yes, Price strikes me as the fastidious type. (BEAT, A SMILE) Goodbye, Daniel. Maybe our paths will cross again, one day?

HOPKINS:

Maybe they will. Goodbye, Doctor.

(FX: THE DOCTOR STEPS INTO THE TARDIS, CLOSES THE DOOR, AND IT BEGINS TO DEMATERIALISE IN THE RAIN. ONE FINAL THUNDERCLAP AS IT FADES AWAY.)

HOPKINS:

Yeah. Maybe they will...

CLOSING THEME - END OF PART FOUR